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THE WINDSOR
ENGLISH CLASSICS

IRVING STORIES

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SUNNYSIDE

IRVING STORIES

EDITED BY

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INSTRUCTOR IN ELEMENTARY ENGLISH
ALBANY, N. Y.

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The publishers are indebted to G. P. Putnam's Sons for the use of these selections from the works of Washington Irving.

A CHRONOLOGY OF IRVING'S LIFE

The following is a chronology giving the important events in the life of Washington Irving.

- 1783 Born in New York City. Father a hardware merchant, a strict Presbyterian. Educated at various schools in the city. At the age of sixteen began to study law.
- 1802-6 Threatened with consumption. Traveled in New York and Canada; then (1804-6) in France, Italy, and England.
- 1806 Returned to New York. Admitted to the bar, but more interested in society than in law.
- 1807-8 Death of Irving's father. Participated in *Salmagundi*, a periodical modeled after the *Spectator*.
- 1809 Death of Matilda Hoffman, his fiancée.

CREATIVE WORK AND LIFE ABROAD

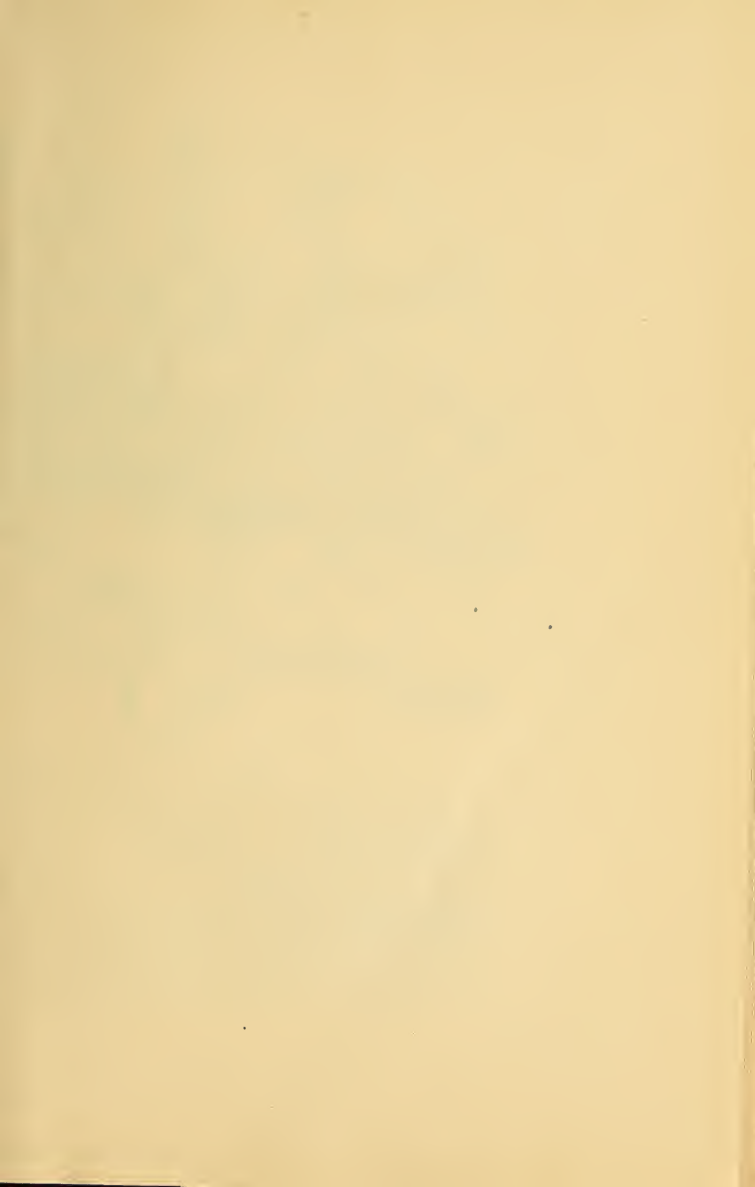
- 1809 *Knickerbocker's History of New York*.
- 1810 Partner with his two brothers, merchant importers.
- 1814 Secretary and aid to Governor Tompkins of New York, until the end of the war.
- 1815 Went to Europe to assist the failing business of his brothers. Met Byron and Scott.
- 1818 The firm bankrupt, gave himself to literature; *The Sketch Book*, including *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*.
- 1826 After travel on continent settled in Madrid.

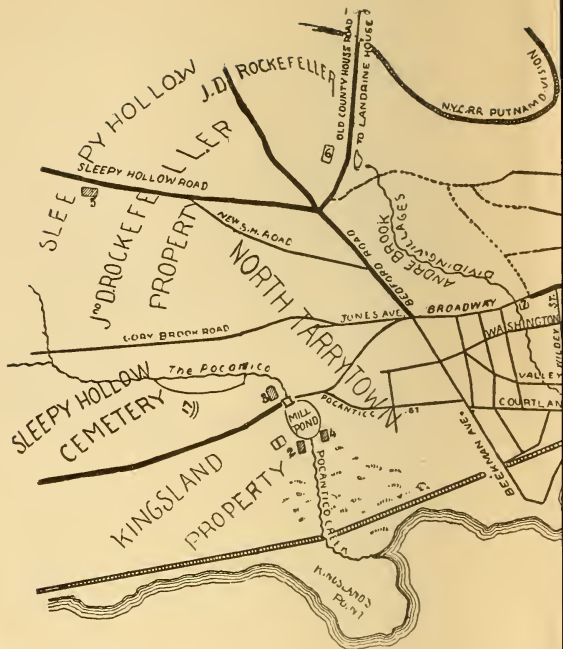
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- 1828 *Life and Voyages of Columbus.*
1829 Made secretary to American legation in London.

SEMI-CREATIVE WORK IN AMERICA

- 1832 Returned to America. Trip to West and South. During the next few years undertook the support of several nieces and nephews. Lost considerable money in western "paper towns" and purchased Sunnyside on the Hudson near Tarrytown, New York.
1838 Declined the position as Secretary of the Navy.
1842-6 Minister to Spain.
1849 *Life of Goldsmith.*
1855-9 *Life of Washington.*
1859 Death. Buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Tarrytown, N. Y.





MAP O

Dark lines represent old roads.

1. Old Manor House.
2. Old Grain Mill.
3. Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow.
4. Site of ancient Saw Mill.
5. Site of Sleepy Hollow School House.
6. David's House, visited by Washington.
7. The André Captors' Monument.
8. Site of Old Mott House (Katrina Van Tassel's).



HUDSON RIVER

TARRYTOWN

figures denote the sites of interest :

9. Site of Couenhoven House.
10. "Tommy" Dean's Store.
11. Westchester County Savings Bank.
12. Herrick's Castle.
13. Christ Church, of which Mr. Irving was a Warden.
14. Old Martling House.
15. Site of Paulding House.
- 16-17. Revolutionary Redoubts.

INTRODUCTION

LIFE OF WASHINGTON IRVING

WASHINGTON IRVING is sometimes spoken of as the "American Goldsmith" because his sketches show a lovable, kindly, and humorous nature. To him also belongs the title "The Founder of American Literature." The fact that Irving loved literature for its own sake and not as a means to the attainment of some social, moral, or political end, differentiates him from his predecessors. The field of letters in America was practically unoccupied when Irving began to write. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" did not appear until eight years after Irving's first book was published, and it was three years later when Cooper's first novel, *Precaution*, became known.

Washington Irving was born in New York City, April 3, 1783. From a very early age the lad possessed a tendency to rove about in the near-by places and also to explore the surrounding country. He was especially interested in the places near his home that had become famous through fable or by a tragedy in real life. We find that it was this which furnished a background for many of the short stories for which he is famous.

The educational facilities of his home town were meager, and Irving was not fond of study. Rather than go to school, he preferred to linger around the

wharves and dream of the distant countries from which the great ships had come. As a result of all this, he became very much interested in books of travel, especially *Robinson Crusoe* and *Sinbad*. Irving, because he was a dreamer, lacked the powers of concentration and therefore made slow progress in school.

At the age of sixteen he began the study of law. In the midst of his studies it was discovered that he was threatened with consumption. Consequently a voyage to Europe was prescribed for him, and he sailed in 1804. His experiences are described in his essay *The Voyage*. His health was restored by this journey, and he gave himself up to sight-seeing and to making friends.

After returning to America in 1806, he was admitted to the bar, but instead of devoting his time to the practice of law he followed his literary inclinations and turned to writing.

His first publication was a periodical, *Salmagundi*, which dealt chiefly with the manners and customs of the people of his time. It contained a great amount of humor, which afforded much entertainment and amusement to its readers. Probably one of Irving's greatest works, and the one which acquired for him great renown, was the *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, published in 1809. This was the first real piece of literature which America had produced.

Six years after this publication he made his second visit to England. Finally he entered into the business which his brothers had been carrying on unsuccessfully. A few years after this, however, the firm failed ;

and the financial condition of the Irving family was such that he was compelled to help in restoring the family's fortune. Again he turned to writing. This proved to be the turning point of his career. It was at this time (1819-1820) that *The Sketch Book* was published.

Other of his noted works that soon followed were *Bracebridge Hall* (1822), *Tales of a Traveler* (1824), *Life of Columbus* (1828), and the *Alhambra* (1829). Upon his return to America in 1832 a public dinner was given in his honor. He was the first American writer to win a reputation in England.

During the years between 1832 and 1842, Irving bought and developed the land overlooking Tappan Zee, north of Tarrytown. To this he gave the name Sunnyside. The influence which has spread like a charm from Sunnyside has been that of its master's personality more than of his genius. The social life in the neighborhood he had chosen was delightful to a man of his temperament. His life in Tarrytown was that of a citizen who took pleasure in identifying himself with the interests of his neighborhood. In Christ Church, which he attended regularly, he was a warden. His simple, unaffected courtesy made him a welcome guest not only in the homes of the wealthy and influential people but in those of his humbler neighbors.

During the years from 1842 to 1846, Irving served as our Minister to Spain. It was during his visits there that he formulated his material for his first

volume of *The Life of Washington*. He wished this book to be the crowning work of his life. The work was done under great difficulties. Because old age was rapidly creeping upon him, the work dragged; and as a result the last volume appeared only a short time before his death. The chief charms of the book are its clear and beautiful style and its vivid descriptions.

Irving was seventy-six years of age when he died at his home, Sunnyside, late in 1859. George William Curtis says of him, "The country was proud of him; the older authors knew him not as a rival, but as a friend; the younger loved him as a father. Such love, I think, is better than fame."

STORY OF THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH

Beside the mill pond, and between the Pocantico River and the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Frederick Philips (a patroon who owned what is now the home of Elsie Janis) built a church known as the "Old Dutch Church." It is said that the building was constructed in 1699; this is shown by the tablet which still exists on the church. But the date on the church itself is 1685, so there is doubt as to which is exact.

When the church was new, there were seven windows where there are now but six, and a door on the south side instead of at the west, as at present. The walls were thirty inches in thickness and the sills of the windows more than seven feet above the floor, so that

the savages of the woods could not look in upon the congregation. These openings were traversed by iron bars which gave still greater security to the building. It was so well constructed that it would have been possible in time of danger to convert it into a fortress.

The interior of the church revealed evidence of taste and skill. The word of God was delivered by the dominie from his octagonal perch with a hexagonal pendant of mahogany hanging over him.

The seats were of the crudest type. The benches used by the farmers and their families were made of unyielding oak and were without backs. The slaves and working class sat in the gallery at the back of the church, with a man to keep them in order. Here, too, sat the choir. The lord of the manor and his family were furnished with boxes at the right and left of the dominie.

From the top of the walls great oak beams crossed the church, and above these extended an arched ceiling of whitewashed oak. As a whole, this church is a very unique piece of architecture.

In connection with the Old Dutch Church is the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. On the tombstones are found many interesting inscriptions. Among these are the following :

Death is a debt
To nature due;
Which I have paid :
And so must you.

IRVING STORIES

Reader behold as you pass by
As you are now so once was I.
As I am now so you will be
Prepare for death and follow me.

Afflictions sore sometimes I bore
Physicians were in vain
Till death did seize and God did please
To ease me of my pain.

Far from his home and kindred dear
He laid his weary dying head
But now he sleeps where friendship's tear
Will often wet his humble bed.

The boisterous winds, Neptune's waves
Have tossed me to and fro.
By God's decree you plainly see
I am harbored here below.

INSCRIPTION ON IRVING'S TOMBSTONE

WASHINGTON IRVING

Born

April 3, 1783

Died

Nov. 28, 1859.

SUNNYSIDE

Sunnyside was at one time the home of Wolfert Ecker, one of the early officers of the Old Dutch Church. The place was then known as "Wolfert's Roost." At the time of the Revolution its tenant was Jacob Van Tassel, whose well-known patriotism attracted men of the same type from Tarrytown and

Sleepy Hollow. In March, 1802, Jacob Van Tassel sold the property to Oliver Ferris.

When Washington Irving was but a small boy, he frequently rowed a boat to the willows that overhung the little brook that runs through the Sunnyside glen and read or dreamed away long summer afternoons. A deep satisfaction of the spot gained such a foothold upon his imagination that during his travels in Europe he at no time forgot the little house on the river.

Returning to America in 1835, Irving visited the familiar place and purchased it. The rebuilding of Sunnyside, as he named the house, afforded him some of the happiest hours of his life. The ivy which overruns it was brought by him from Melrose, Scotland. The home still remains in the possession of the Irving family.

TARRYTOWN AND THE TAPPAN ZEE

Tarrytown is a village in Westchester County, situated on the Hudson River about twenty-seven miles north of New York City. It is famous historically as the place of André's capture in 1780, and as the home of Washington Irving.

It has been said that in proportion to its population this small territory including Sleepy Hollow and Irvington is the wealthiest spot of ground in the world. As Edgar Mayhew Bacon says in the *Chronicles of Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow*, "You cannot throw a stone without hitting a millionaire." No words can

express more forcibly the change which the hamlet has undergone. Where the Dutch settlers hewed their homes out of the forest, where the cowboys and skinners¹ ranged over the neutral territory, where the headless horseman found room to throw his pumpkin without hitting any one more important than poor Ichabod, where Irving wandered through sylvan lanes and beside babbling brooks in search of legends and folk-lore, we have mansions, gardens, and a large population.

Tarrytown to-day is bounded on the north by the magnificent estates of John D. Rockefeller and William Rockefeller, and on the south by that of the Goulds. By referring to the map, these estates, as well as many other places of interest in Tarrytown, may be located.

On the outskirts of the village, extending north and south for several miles, is that famous valley known to all as Sleepy Hollow. It is bordered by extensive hills, broken by small tributary valleys. Probably the most famous of these valleys is that one through which flows Pocantico Creek on its course to the Hudson.

From the heights of Tarrytown may be seen that part of the Hudson River known as Tappan Zee. This name was given to that part of the river between Haverstraw and Piermont. It is approximately twelve miles in length and between four and five miles in breadth. Irving often spoke of it as the Mediterranean of the river.

¹ Bands of plunderers in the time of the American Revolution who roamed over the Neutral Ground.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

The Catskill Mountains are a part of the great Appalachian system. The highest summit, Slide Mountain, has an altitude of 4205 feet. The summits of these mountains command extensive and beautiful prospects. The scenery of this group is diversified by cascades, rocky precipices, small lakes, and deep ravines. Many of the old farm-houses (for farming was carried on extensively here in years past) have been converted into large and magnificent mountain houses or hotels.

It has been said that when Irving wrote the story *Rip Van Winkle* he had in mind no definite place in the Catskills, yet it is believed that Rip's home and the place where he slept were on the Hudson slope of South Mountain. A rough, winding road leads to this house, which is nestled in a hollow surrounded by high, wooded cliffs. Near by stands a dilapidated hotel, known as the Half-way-House. Not far from this place may be found a great boulder on which is inscribed "Rip's Rock." This marks the spot where Rip had his long sleep.

The completion of several mountain railroads, which penetrate the very heart of the Catskill, has opened this section to the great tide of summer travel; and as a result these mountains have become a favorite resort.

ORIGIN OF THE STORIES

I. RIP VAN WINKLE

The short story, *Rip Van Winkle*, written by Washington Irving in the year 1819, was adopted from the German legend of Peter Klaus, a goatherd, who fell asleep one day upon the Hills of Kypphäuser and did not awaken until twenty years had passed. He returned to his native village to find everything changed and no one who knew him.

In Irving's tale the hero, Rip Van Winkle, one of the Dutch colonists of New York, met a stranger in a ravine of the Catskill Mountains. Some versions say that this stranger was a follower of Hendrick Hudson. Rip helped the stranger to carry a keg to a retreat among the rocks, where he saw strange people playing skittles in mysterious silence. Rip took the first opportunity of tasting the keg, fell into a stupor, and slept for twenty years. On awakening he found his village remodeled, all the inhabitants strangers, and America independent.

A stage version by Boucicault earned great success through the historic genius of Joseph Jefferson.

At the conclusion of the story, as it appears in the original edition, are the following notes:

NOTE

The foregoing Tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphäuser moun-

tain; the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity.

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvelous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very old venerable man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story therefore is beyond the possibility of doubt.

"D. K."

POSTSCRIPT

The following are travelling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air; until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forest and among ragged rocks; and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter, who had lost his way, penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day; being the identical stream known by the name of Kaaters-kill.

II. THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

Irving adds the following note at the end of the story:

POSTSCRIPT

FOUND IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. KNICKERBOCKER

The preceding tale is given almost in the precise words in which I heard it related at a Corporation meeting of the ancient city of Manhattoes, at which were present many of its sagest

and most illustrious burghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow in pepper-and-salt clothes, with a sadly humorous face; and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor, — he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was concluded there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen, who had been asleep the greater part of the time. There was, however, one tall, dry-looking old gentleman, with beetling eyebrows, who maintained a grave and rather severe face throughout; now and then folding his arms, inclining his head, and looking down upon the floor, as if turning a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your wary men, who never laugh but upon good grounds — when they have reason and the law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had subsided, and silence was restored, he leaned one arm on the elbow of his chair, and sticking the other akimbo, demanded, with a slight but exceedingly sage motion of the head, and contraction of the brow, what was the moral of the story, and what it went to prove.

The story-teller, who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips, as a refreshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his inquirer with an air of infinite deference, and, lowering the glass slowly to the table, observed that the story was intended most logically to prove:

“That there is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures, provided we will but take a joke as we find it;

“That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopers is likely to have rough riding of it;

“Ergo, for a country schoolmaster to be refused the hand of a Dutch heiress is a certain step to high preferment in the state.”

The cautious old gentleman knit his brows tenfold closer after this explanation, being sorely puzzled by the ratiocination of the syllogism; while, methought, the one in pepper-and-salt eyed him with something of a triumphant leer. At length he observed that all this was very well, but still he thought the story a little on the extravagant; there were one or two points on which he had his doubts.

“Faith, sir,” replied the story-teller, “as to that matter, I don’t believe one half of it myself.”

D. K.

III. THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM

This story also appears in *The Sketch Book*. Irving has added the following note:

"The erudite reader, well versed in good-for-nothing lore, will perceive that the above Tale must have been suggested to the old Swiss by a little French anecdote, a circumstance said to have taken place at Paris."

IV. THE ADVENTURE OF MY AUNT

This story is taken from *Tales of a Traveler*. The first of these tales were called *Strange Stories by a Nervous Gentleman*. The story-teller pictures himself as a guest at a "hunting dinner given by a worthy fox-hunting old Baronet, who keeps bachelor's hall in jovial style, in an ancient, rook-haunted family mansion, in one of the middle counties," in England. The discussion, after dinner, turns upon the subject of ghosts, and the company listen to a ghost story, *The Adventure of My Uncle*, told by "an old gentleman at one end of the table." He is at times interrupted by "the inquisitive gentleman." His story reminds another guest, "the knowing gentleman, with the flexible nose," of an adventure once experienced by his aunt. This is the story here told, *The Adventure of My Aunt*.

V. LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY

LEGEND OF THE ROSE OF THE ALHAMBRA

These legends are found in *The Alhambra*, which is a collection of tales and essays written by Irving during

his residence in the Alhambra, in Spain. In the first essay, *The Journey*, Irving says:

“In the spring of 1829, the author of this work, whom curiosity had brought into Spain, made a rambling expedition from Seville to Granada in company with a friend, a member of the Russian Embassy at Madrid. Accident had thrown us together from distant regions of the globe, and a similarity of taste led us to wander together among the romantic mountains of Andalusia. Should these pages meet his eye, wherever thrown by the duties of his station, whether mingling in the pageantry of courts, or meditating on the truer glories of nature, may they recall the scenes of our adventurous companionship, and with them the recollection of one, in whom neither time nor distance will obliterate the remembrance of his gentleness and worth.”

THE ALHAMBRA

1. THE MOORS IN SPAIN

The Moors were natives of northern Africa. At the beginning of the eighth century they were conquered by the Arabs and converted to Mohammedanism. They joined the Arabs in the invasion of Spain and later went there in such numbers that by the thirteenth century the Kingdom of Granada rose to great heights of splendor and power.

2. CONQUEST OF GRANADA

In 1482, Ferdinand and Isabella, the rulers of Spain, entered upon a war to drive the Moors from the country. They were assisted in their efforts by the civil wars that raged in Granada. November 25, 1491, after a twelve months' siege, famous for heroic deeds on both sides, the Moorish capital fell into the hands of Ferdinand, and the Moors were driven from Spain.

3. THE ALHAMBRA

The Alhambra was the fortified palace of the Moorish kings of Granada. The first building was erected early in the ninth century, but most of the present structure dates from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. This fortress stands on a hill north of Granada, on a wide terrace. It is surrounded by a wall with thirteen square towers, built of red brick, which gave it the name "The Red Castle." Inside the early stronghold were beautiful gardens, a gate of justice, a watch tower, and finally the palace itself.

In the sixteenth century Charles V destroyed a large part of it, and in the following century Philip V still further mutilated it. The part which now remains is grouped about two main oblong courts — the Court of the Blessing and the Court of the Lions — and several smaller courts, among them that of the Mosque. Many of the walls of the various halls are decorated with designs either richly painted in red, blue, black, or gold, or made of small colored tiles called "mosaics."

Even in its mutilated condition the Alhambra is the finest example of Moorish art in Spain.

One of the gateways of the Alhambra, the Gate of Justice, received its name from the fact that during the Moslem rule the trial of petty causes was held there. The porch of the gate is formed by an immense Arabian horseshoe arch on which are sculptured a gigantic hand and key. These are said to have been magical devices on which the fate of the Alhambra depended. According to tradition the fortress would last until the hand on the outer arch should reach down and grasp the key. When this occurred the whole pile would tumble to pieces, and all the treasures buried beneath it by the Moors would be revealed.

The Square of the Cisterns is an open esplanade within the fortress. It was so called from the great reservoirs beneath it. These had been cut in the living rock by the Moors to receive water brought from the Darro, for the supply of the fortress. Here, also, is a well of immense depth, furnishing the purest and coldest of water.

The Tower of the Infantas was the residence of the daughters of Moorish kings. The legend runs that three Moorish princesses were shut up in this tower by their father, a tyrant of Granada, and only at night were permitted to ride out about the hills. No one was allowed to see them. It is said that they may still be seen occasionally when the moon is full, riding in lonely places along the mountain side; but they vanish on being spoken to.

The Tower of the Seven Floors is an immense tower famous as the scene of strange apparitions and Moorish enchantments. In the center of this building was the original gate of entrance to the quarter of the palace where the king's body guards were stationed. It was through this gate that King Chico (otherwise known as Boabdil), the last king of the Moors, left when he surrendered the city with the castle to King Ferdinand of Spain. He asked as a special favor that no one afterwards might be permitted to pass through it. This request was granted, and the fulfillment of his wish was made doubly sure by Fate, for the portal has been closed up by loose stones from the ruins of the Tower and remains impassable.

FALCONRY

Falconry, or "hawking," as it was called in early days, is the art of training hawks to fly and capture their quarry, or prey, and to bring it back to the trainer.

Early English kings, nobles, and ladies indulged in this sport, and one could tell the rank of an individual by the kind of hawk carried on the wrist. For example, the king would carry the gyrfalcon.

The trainer would either take the young hawk from its nest or trap the older hawk. From the perch on the trainer's wrist, the bird would fly into the air. At first it was allowed to fly but a short distance, and the trainer would bring the bird back by a string attached to both bird and perch. Each day the hawk would be allowed to fly farther than before, but was trained to return each time.

RIP VAN WINKLE

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKER-
BOCKER

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday.
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre.

CARTWRIGHT.

THE following tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a book-worm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which indeed was a little questioned on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends, for whom he felt the truest deference and affection; yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear by many folk, whose good opinion is worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year cakes; and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo Medal or a Queen Anne's Farthing.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.



A VIEW IN THE CATSKILLS



At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant¹ (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina.² He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained

¹ Governor of Manhattan from 1647 to 1664.

² A Swedish fort near Newcastle, Delaware. Captured by the Dutch in 1655.

him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts,¹ clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as

¹ Coat-tails.

long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowl-pie on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone-fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if

they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins,¹ which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and

¹ Wide trousers

even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods — but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village: which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third.¹ Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the con-

¹ King of England from 1760 to 1820.

tents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the school-master, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto¹ were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred

¹ Council.

from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there

sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach ne was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin¹ strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object

¹ A close or tight fitting jacket.

of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger,¹ high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses² in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie³ Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves,

¹ Sword, curved at the point.

² Rosettes.

³ A parson or master.

yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the

bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at ninepins — the flagon — "Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip — "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers¹ of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the

¹ Players or gamesters.

gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows, — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed — “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”



JOSEPH JEFFERSON
In the Character of Rip



It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed — “My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of

King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the school-master, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — elections — members of congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he

voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" — "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point¹ — others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose.² I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the school-master?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia, general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — Congress — Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of

¹ On the Hudson. Here an attack was made by Mad Anthony Wayne, July 15, 1779.

² A promontory a few miles above Stony Point. See Introduction.

himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since, — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice: —

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he — "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor — Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat,

who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name,¹ who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon;² being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the

¹ Adrian Vanderdonck.

² Henry Hudson's ship.

election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England — and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily that

was at an end ; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins ; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICH
KNICKERBOCKER

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.

Castle of Indolence.

IN the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river dominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far

from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noontime, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a High German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his

tribe, held his powwows¹ there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson.² Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the night-mare, with her whole ninefold,³ seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback, without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian⁴ trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed,

¹ Councils.

² A distinguished English navigator.

³ "He met the night-mare and her ninefold." — *King Lear*, Act III, Sc. 4.

⁴ Hired German soldiers brought to America by the British to fight against the American troops.

certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this specter, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the specter is known at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them

unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water, which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for

the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out, — an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eelpot.¹ The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."² Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school who joy

¹ A trap for catching eels.

² "He that spareth his rod hateth his son." — *Prov.* xiii. 24.

in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents"; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda¹; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived

¹ A reptile that kills by constriction.

successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms, helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold,¹ he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from

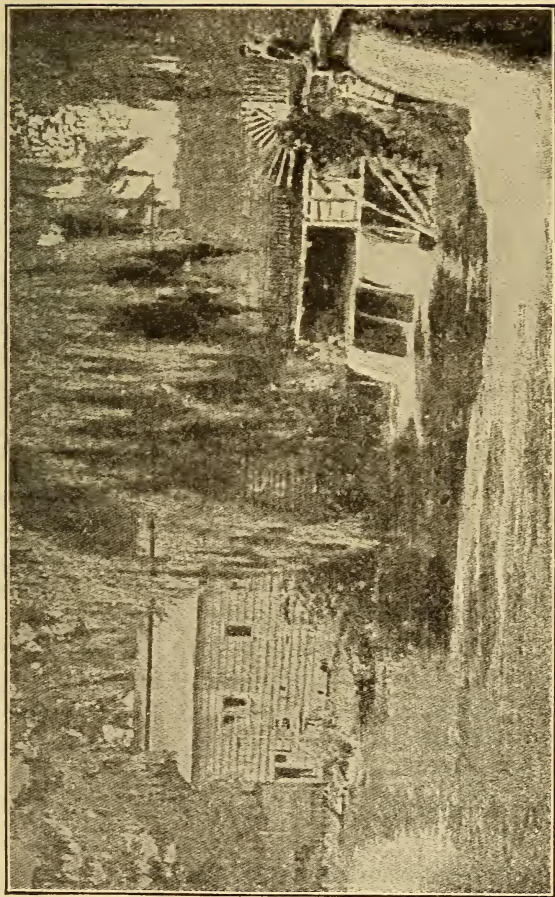
¹ In the *New England Primer*, occur the following lines:

“The Lion bold
The Lamb doth hold.”

the parson.¹ Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sunday! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering,

¹ Surpassed the parson in point of excellence.



THE OLD SLEEPY HOLLOW MILL



with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill pond; while the more bashful country bumkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half-itinerant life, also, he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house, so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's ¹ "History of New England Witchcraft," in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination, — the moan of

¹ A celebrated theologian and writer, born in Boston in 1663.

the whip-poor-will¹ from the hillside, the boding cry of the tree toad, that harbinger of storm, the dreary hooting of the screech owl, to the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resources on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in link'd sweetness long drawn out,"² floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight

¹ A bird which is heard only at night and which receives its name from the notes of its song.

² Taken from Milton's *L'Allegro*.

them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no specter dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path, amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted specter, beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many specters in his time, and

been more than once beset by Satan ¹ in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in spite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was — a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; ² the tempting stomacher ³ of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempt-

¹ An allusion to the old and widespread belief that ghosts, goblins, and witches were the obedient subjects and emissaries of the Evil One.

² A village in the northern part of Holland, about five miles from Amsterdam.

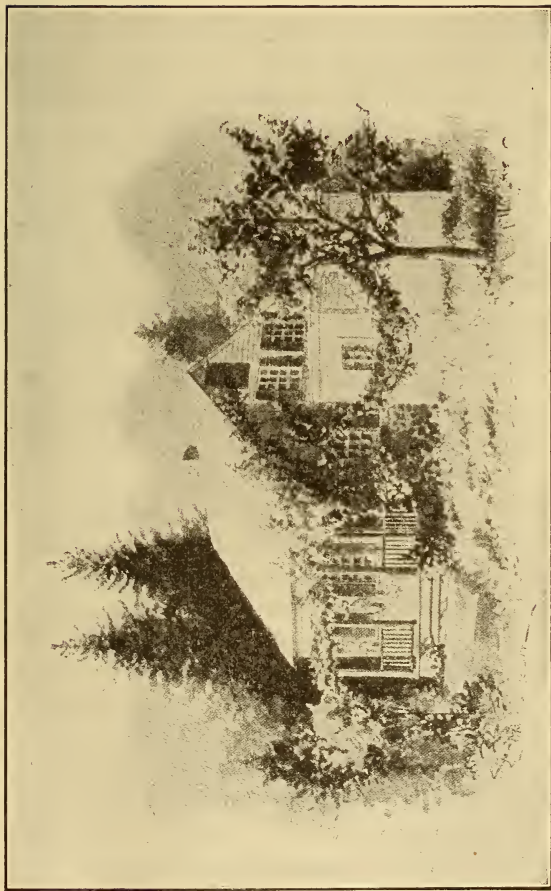
³ An ornamental covering for the breast.

ing a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and

abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and Guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart, — sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly,¹ and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanti-

¹ "That roasted ox with the pudding in his belly." *2 King Henry IV.* (II. 4. 500).



HOME OF KATRINA VAN TASSEL



clear himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, — or the Lord knows where!

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged but lowly sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one

end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion, and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool, ready to be spun; in another, a quantity of linsey-woolsey¹ just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud² of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various-colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the center of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant³ of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons,

¹ Coarse cloth made of linen and wool.

² Decorations.

³ A knight in search of adventure.

and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the center of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these, the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar.¹ He was foremost

¹ A tribe of Central Asia, noted for their fine horsemanship.

at all races and cock-fights; and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength always acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone that admitted of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by ¹ for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; ² and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and, when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

¹ Prepared.

² A warlike Russian tribe who settled on the River Don.

This rantipole ¹ hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; inso-much, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack ² — yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away — jerk! — he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles.³ Ichabod, therefore, made his ad-

¹ Wild or roving.

² A flexible walking-stick.

³ A famous Greek warrior of the Trojan War.

vances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph

of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined: his horse was no longer seen tied to the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore, — by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would “double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse”; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic wagghery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto

peaceful domains, smoked out his singing-school by stopping up the chimney, broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy, so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ridiculous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's, to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situations of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice resposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was sud-

denly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury,¹ and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting-frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance and effort at fine language which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arrang-

¹ A Roman god who presided over all commercial dealings.

ing his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow-horse, that had outlived almost everything but its viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe¹ neck, and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his

¹ Thin and arched.

whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a scepter, and as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory-nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cockrobin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbird flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and

splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail and its little monteiro¹ cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples: some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields breathing the odor of the beehive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slap-jacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions,"² he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The

¹ A huntsman's or mountaineer's cap.

² Imaginings.

sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down in the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk, withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted short-gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pin-cushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats, with rows

of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eelskin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tender oly-koek,¹ and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delec-

¹ Pronounced *ō'-li-cook*, from a Dutch word that means *oilcake*. A round, fried cake made of sweetened dough.

table dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating, as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good-humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window; gazing with delight at the scene; rolling their white eye-balls, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with Old Van

Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a *mynheer*¹ to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White Plains,² being an excellent master of defense, parried a musket-ball with a small-sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the

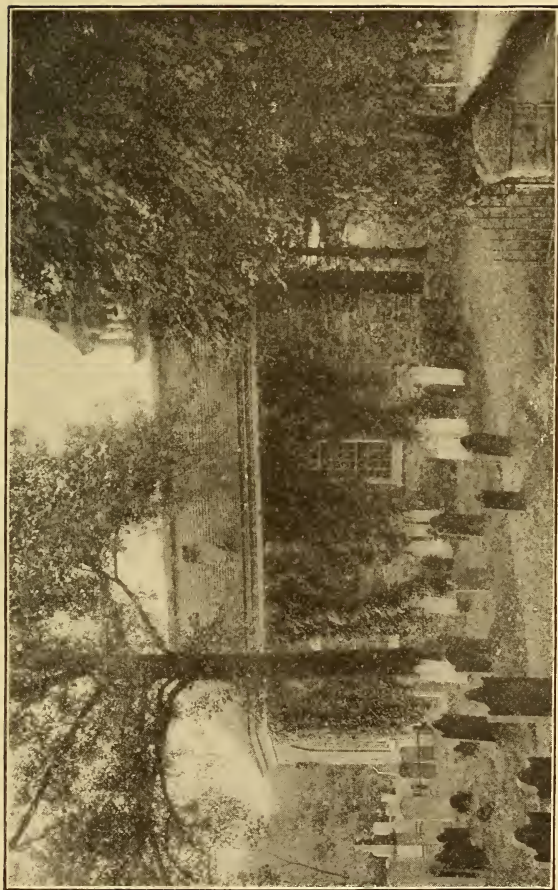
¹ Pronounced *mīn-hār'*. Sir, or gentleman.

² A small town northeast of New York City, where the British were compelled to retreat into New Jersey (1776).

field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered, long settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have traveled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighbor-



THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH

hood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite specter of Sleepy Hollow, the Headless Horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the Headless Horseman, and the

place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the Horseman returning from his foray¹ into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the Horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvelous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvelous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

¹ A raid.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions¹ behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter, until they gradually died away, — and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête² with the heiress; fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chapfallen. Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the

¹ A sort of additional saddle serving as a seat for another person riding behind.

² Conversation of two persons.

stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night¹ that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills — but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his

¹ "'Tis now the very witching time of night
When churchyards yawn." — *Hamlet*, III. 2. 406.

recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights, and doleful lamentations, told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree: he paused, and ceased whistling; but, on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan — his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle:

it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree, a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school-boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now be-

stowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of moles-

tation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind, — the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him: he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip; but the specter started full jump with him. Away, then, they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments

fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind, — for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskillful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the

hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge,"¹ thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash, — he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did

¹ It was a superstitious belief that witches could not cross the middle of a stream.

"Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystone of the brig:
There at them thou thy tail may toss, —
A running stream they dare not cross!"

Burns's *Tam O'Shanter*.

not make his appearance at breakfast; dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes full of dog's-ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's *History of Witchcraft*, a *New England Almanac*, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic

books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who, from that time forward, determined to send his children no more to school; observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed

his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar; turned politician; electioneered; written for the newspaper; and finally had been made a justice of the ten pound court.¹ Brom Bones, too, who, shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe; and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill pond. The schoolhouse being deserted soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plow-boy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

¹ A court dealing with cases in which the amount of money involved is not over ten pounds.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM

A TRAVELER'S TALE

He that supper for is dight,
He lyes full cold, I trow, this night!
Yestreen to chamber I him led,
This night Gray-steel has made his bed!

SIR EGER, SIR GRAHAME, AND SIR GRAY-STEEL.

ON the summit of one of the heights of the Odenwald, a wild and romantic tract of Upper Germany, that lies not far from the confluence of the Main and the Rhine, there stood, many, many years since, the Castle of the Baron Von Landshort. It is now quite fallen to decay, and almost buried among beech trees and dark firs; above which, however, its old watch tower may still be seen struggling, like the former possessor I have mentioned, to carry a high head, and look down upon a neighboring country.

The Baron was a dry branch of the great family of Katzenellenbogen,¹ and inherited the relics of the property, and all the pride, of his ancestors. Though the warlike disposition of his predecessors had much

¹ Meaning *cat's elbow*. Irving says the family name was given "in compliment to a peerless dame of the family, celebrated for a fine arm."

impaired the family possessions, yet the Baron still endeavored to keep up some show of former state. The times were peaceable, and the German nobles, in general, had abandoned their inconvenient old castles, perched like eagles' nests among the mountains, and had built more convenient residences in the valleys; still the Baron remained proudly drawn up in his little fortress, cherishing with hereditary firmness all the old family feuds; so that he was on ill terms with some of his nearest neighbors, on account of disputes that had happened between their great-great-grandfathers.

The Baron had but one child, a daughter; but Nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy; and so it was with the daughter of the Baron. All the nurses, gossips, and country cousins assured her father that she had not her equal for beauty in all Germany; and who should know better than they? She had, moreover, been brought up with great care, under the superintendence of two maiden aunts, who had spent some years of their early life at one of the little German courts and were skilled in all the branches of knowledge necessary to the education of a fine lady. Under their instructions, she became a miracle of accomplishments. By the time she was eighteen she could embroider to admiration, and had worked whole histories of the saints in tapestry. She could read without great difficulty, and had spelled her way through several church legends, and almost all the chivalric

wonders of the Heldenbuch.¹ She had even made considerable proficiency in writing, could sign her own name without missing a letter, and so legibly, that her aunts could read it without spectacles. She excelled in making little good-for-nothing lady-like knicknacks of all kinds, was versed in the most abstruse dancing of the day, played a number of airs on the harp and guitar, and knew all the tender ballads of the Minnelieders² by heart.

Her aunts, too, having been great flirts and coquettes in their younger days, were admirably calculated to be vigilant guardians and strict censors of the conduct of their niece; for there is no *duenna*³ so rigidly prudent and decorous⁴ as a superannuated⁵ coquette. She was rarely suffered out of their sight; never went beyond the domains of the castle, unless well attended, or rather well watched; had continual lectures read to her about strict decorum and implicit obedience; and, as to the men — pah! she was taught to hold them at such distance and distrust, that, unless properly authorized, she would not have cast a glance upon the handsomest cavalier in the world — no, not if he were even dying at her feet.

¹ A collection of old epic poems connected with the heroic legends of Germany.

² A name given to the lyric poets of Germany who flourished 1170–1250. For the most part these singers were of knightly birth, though sometimes reigning princes and even emperors wrote these lyrics. Similar poets in France were called *troubadours*.

³ An older woman who is employed to guard a younger one.

⁴ Sedate.

⁵ Affected by old age or infirmity.

The good effects of this system were wonderfully apparent. The young lady was a pattern of docility and correctness. While others were wasting their sweetness in the glare of the world, and liable to be plucked and thrown aside by every hand, she was coyly blooming into fresh and lovely womanhood under the protection of those immaculate spinsters, like a rose-bud blushing forth among guardian thorns. Her aunts looked upon her with pride and exultation, and boasted that though all the other young ladies in the world might go astray, yet, thank Heaven, nothing of the kind could happen to the heiress of Katzenellenbogen.

But however scantily the Baron Von Landshort might be provided with children, his household was by no means a small one, for Providence had enriched him with abundance of poor relations. They, one and all, possessed the affectionate disposition common to humble relatives; were wonderfully attached to the Baron, and took every possible occasion to come in swarms and enliven the castle. All family festivals were commemorated by these good people at the Baron's expense; and when they were filled with good cheer, they would declare that there was nothing on earth so delightful as these family meetings, these jubilees of the heart.

The Baron, though a small man, had a large soul, and it swelled with satisfaction at the consciousness of being the greatest man in the little world about him. He loved to tell long stories about the stark

old warriors whose portraits looked grimly down from the walls around, and he found no listeners equal to those who fed at his expense. He was much given to the marvelous, and a firm believer in all those supernatural tales with which every mountain and valley in Germany abounds. The faith of his guests even exceeded his own. They listened to every tale of wonder with open eyes and mouth, and never failed to be astonished, even though repeated for the hundredth time. Thus lived the Baron Von Landshort, the oracle of his table, the absolute monarch of his little territory, and happy, above all things, in the persuasion that he was the wisest man of the age.

At the time of which my story treats, there was a great family-gathering at the castle, on an affair of the utmost importance: it was to receive the destined bridegroom of the Baron's daughter. A negotiation had been carried on between the father and an old nobleman of Bavaria, to unite the dignity of their houses by the marriage of their children. The preliminaries had been conducted with proper attention to details. The young people were betrothed without seeing each other, and the time was appointed for the marriage ceremony. The young Count Von Altenburg had been recalled from the army for the purpose, and was actually on his way to the Baron's to receive his bride. Missives had even been received from him, from Wurtzburg, where he was accidentally detained, mentioning the day and hour when he might be expected to arrive.

The castle was in a tumult of preparation to give him a suitable welcome. The fair bride had been decked out with uncommon care. The two aunts had superintended her toilet, and quarreled the whole morning about every article of her dress. The young lady had taken advantage of their contest to follow the bent of her own taste, and fortunately it was a good one. She looked as lovely as youthful bridegroom could desire, and the flutter of expectation heightened the luster of her charms.

The suffusions that mantled her face and neck, the gentle heaving of the bosom, the eye now and then lost in reverie, all betrayed the soft tumult that was going on in her little heart. The aunts were continually hovering around her, for maiden aunts are apt to take great interest in affairs of this nature. They were giving her a world of staid counsel how to deport herself, what to say, and in what manner to receive the expected lover.

The Baron was no less busied in preparations. He had, in truth, nothing exactly to do; but he was naturally a fuming, bustling little man, and could not remain passive when all the world was in a hurry. He worried from top to bottom of the castle, with an air of infinite anxiety; he continually called the servants from their work to exhort them to be diligent; and buzzed about every hall and chamber, as idly restless and importunate as a blue-bottle fly of a warm summer's day.

In the mean time, the fatted calf¹ had been killed;

the forests had rung with the clamor of the huntsmen; the kitchen was crowded with good cheer; and the cellars had yielded up whole oceans of wine. Everything was ready to receive the distinguished guest in the true spirit of German hospitality — but the guest delayed to make his appearance. Hour rolled after hour. The sun that had poured his downward rays upon the rich forests of the Odenwald,² now just gleamed along the summits of the mountains. The Baron mounted the highest tower, and strained his eyes in hopes of catching a distant sight of the Count and his attendants. Once he thought he beheld them; the sound of horns came floating from the valley, prolonged by the mountain echoes; a number of horsemen were seen far below, slowly advancing along the road; but when they had nearly reached the foot of the mountain, they suddenly struck off in a different direction. The last ray of sunshine departed, the bats began to flit by in the twilight, the road grew dimmer and dimmer to the view, and nothing appeared stirring in it, but now and then a peasant lagging homeward from his labor.

While the old castle of Landshort was in this state of perplexity, a very interesting scene was transacting in a different part of the Odenwald.

The young Count Von Altenburg was tranquilly pursuing his route in that sober jog-trot way in which

¹ A reference to the Bible story of the prodigal son in which the "fatted calf" was killed in honor of the son's homecoming.

² A mountain region in south Germany, famous for its many beautiful valleys and high peaks.

a man travels toward matrimony when his friends have taken all the trouble and uncertainty of courtship off his hands, and a bride is waiting for him, as certainly as a dinner, at the end of his journey. He had encountered at Wurtzburg a youthful companion in arms, with whom he had seen some service on the frontiers, — Herman Von Starkenfaust, one of the stoutest hands and worthiest hearts of German chivalry, who was now returning from the army. His father's castle was not far distant from the old fortress of Landshort, although a hereditary feud rendered the families hostile, and strangers to each other.

In the warm-hearted moment of recognition, the young friends related all their past adventures and fortunes, and the Count gave the whole history of his intended nuptials with a young lady whom he had never seen, but of whose charms he had received the most enrapturing descriptions.

As the route of the friends lay in the same direction, they agreed to perform the rest of their journey together; and that they might do it more leisurely, set off from Wurtzburg at an early hour, the Count having given directions for his retinue to follow and overtake him.

They passed the time with recollections of their military scenes and adventures; but the Count was apt to be a little tedious, now and then, about the reputed charms of his bride, and the happiness that awaited him.

In this way they had entered among the mountains

of the Odenwald, and were traversing one of its most lonely and thickly wooded passes. It is well known that the forests of Germany have always been as much infested with robbers as its castles by spectres; and, at this time, the former were particularly numerous, from the hordes of disbanded soldiers wandering about the country. It will not appear extraordinary, therefore, that the cavaliers were attacked by a gang of these stragglers, in the midst of the forest. They defended themselves with bravery, but were nearly overpowered when the Count's retinue arrived to their assistance. At sight of them the robbers fled, but not until the Count had received a mortal wound. He was slowly and carefully conveyed back to the city of Wurtzburg, and a friar summoned from a neighboring convent, who was famous for his skill in administering to both soul and body. But half of his skill was superfluous; the moments of the unfortunate Count were numbered.

With his dying breath he entreated his friend to repair instantly to the castle of Landshort, and explain the fatal cause of his not keeping his appointment with his bride. Though not the most ardent of lovers, he was one of the most punctilious¹ of men, and appeared most anxious that this mission should be speedily and courteously executed.

"Unless this is done," said he, "I shall not sleep quietly in my grave!"

He repeated these last words with peculiar solemnity.

¹ Exact in the matter of conduct, etiquette, or duty.

A request, at a moment so impressive, admitted no hesitation. Starkenfaust endeavored to soothe him to calmness, promised faithfully to execute his wish, and gave him his hand in solemn pledge. The dying man pressed it in acknowledgment, but soon lapsed into delirium — raved about his bride — his engagements — his plighted word; ordered his horse, that he might ride to the castle of Landshort, and expired in the fancied act of vaulting into the saddle.

Starkenfaust bestowed a sigh, and a soldier's tear on the untimely fate of his comrade; and then pondered on the awkward mission he had undertaken. His heart was heavy, and his head perplexed, for he was to present himself an unbidden guest among hostile people, and to dampen their festivity with tidings fatal to their hopes. Still there were certain whisperings of curiosity in his bosom to see this far-famed beauty of Katzenellenbogen, so cautiously shut up from the world; or he was a passionate admirer of the sex, and there was a dash of enterprise in his character that made him fond of all singular adventure.

Previous to his departure, he made all due arrangements with the holy fraternity of the convent for the funeral solemnities of his friend, who was to be buried in the cathedral of Wurtzburg, near some of his illustrious relatives; and the mourning retinue¹ of the Count took charge of his remains.

It is now high time that we should return to the

¹ Train of attendants

ancient family of Katzenellenbogen, who were impatient for their guest, and still more for their dinner; and to the worthy little Baron, whom we left airing himself on the watch-tower.

Night closed in, but still no guest arrived. The Baron descended from the tower in despair. The banquet, which had been delayed from hour to hour, could no longer be postponed. The meats were already overdone, the cook in an agony, and the whole household had the look of a garrison that had been reduced by famine. The Baron was obliged reluctantly to give orders for the feast without the presence of the guest. All were seated at table and just on the point of commencing, when the sound of a horn from without the gate gave notice of the approach of a stranger. Another long blast filled the old courts of the castle with its echoes, and was answered by the warder from the walls. The Baron hastened to receive his future son-in-law.

The drawbridge had been let down, and the stranger was before the gate. He was a tall, gallant cavalier, mounted on a black steed. His countenance was pale, but he had a beaming, romantic eye, and an air of stately melancholy. The Baron was a little mortified that he should have come in this simple, solitary style. His dignity for a moment was ruffled, and he felt disposed to consider it a want of proper respect for the important occasion and the important family with which he was to be connected. He pacified himself, however, with the conclusion that it must have been

youthful impatience which had induced him thus to spur on sooner than his attendants.

"I am sorry," said the stranger, "to break in upon you thus unseasonably —"

Here the Baron interrupted him with a world of compliments and greetings; for, to tell the truth, he prided himself upon his courtesy and his eloquence. The stranger attempted, once or twice, to stem the torrent of words, but in vain; so he bowed his head and suffered it to flow on. By the time the Baron had come to a pause, they had reached the inner court of the castle; and the stranger was again about to speak, when he was once more interrupted by the appearance of the female part of the family, leading forth the shrinking and blushing bride. He gazed on her for a moment as one entranced; it seemed as if his whole soul beamed forth in the gaze, and rested upon that lovely form. One of the maiden aunts whispered something in her ear; she made an effort to speak; her moist blue eye was timidly raised, gave a shy glance of inquiry on the stranger, and was cast again to the ground. The words died away; but there was a sweet smile playing about her lips, and a soft dimpling of the cheek, that showed her glance had not been unsatisfactory. It was impossible for a girl of the fond age of eighteen not to be pleased with so gallant a cavalier.

The late hour at which the guest had arrived left no time for parley. The Baron was peremptory,¹ and

¹ Stubborn, positive in his decision.

deferred all particular conversation until the morning, and led the way to the untasted banquet.

It was served up in the great hall of the castle. Around the walls hung the hard-favored portraits of the heroes of the house of Katzenellenbogen, and the trophies which they had gained in the field and in the chase. Hacked croslets,¹ splintered jousting² spears, and tattered banners, were mingled with the spoils of sylvan warfare. The jaws of the wolf and the tusks of the boar grinned horribly among cross-bows and battle-axes; and a huge pair of antlers branched immediately over the head of the youthful bridegroom.

The cavalier took but little notice of the company or the entertainment. He scarcely tasted the banquet, but seemed absorbed in admiration of his bride. He conversed in a low tone, that could not be overheard, for the language of love is never loud; but where is the female ear so dull that it cannot catch the softest whisper of the lover? There was a mingled tenderness and gravity in his manner that appeared to have a powerful effect upon the young lady. Her color came and went as she listened with deep attention. Now and then she made some blushing reply, and when his eye was turned away, she would steal a sidelong glance at his romantic countenance, and heave a gentle sigh of tender happiness. It was evident that the young couple were completely enamored. The aunts, who

¹ Small crosses borne by heralds, as at a tournament.

² Used in jousts, that is, combats on horseback between two knights carrying spears or lances.

were deeply versed in the mysteries of the heart, declared that they had fallen in love with each other at first sight.

The feast went on merrily, or at least noisily, for the guests were all blessed with those keen appetites that attend upon light purses and mountain air. The Baron told his best and longest stories, and never had he told them so well, or with such great effect. If there was anything marvelous, his auditors were lost in astonishment; and if anything witty, they were sure to laugh exactly in the right place. The Baron, it is true, like most great men, was too dignified to utter any joke but a dull one: it was always enforced, however, by a bumper of excellent wine; and even a dull joke, at one's own table, served up with jolly old wine, is irresistible.

Amidst all this revelry, the stranger guest maintained a most singular and unseasonable gravity. His countenance assumed a deeper cast of dejection as the evening advanced, and, strange as it may appear, even the Baron's jokes seemed only to render him the more melancholy. At times he was lost in thought, and at times there was a worried and restless wandering of the eye that bespoke a mind but ill at ease. His conversation with the bride became more and more earnest and mysterious. Lowering clouds began to steal over the fair serenity of her brow, and tremors to run through her tender frame.

All this could not escape the notice of the company. Their gayety was chilled by the unaccountable gloom

of the bridegroom ; their spirits were infected ; whispers and glances were interchanged, accompanied by shrugs and dubious shakes of the head. The song and the laugh grew less and less frequent : there were dreary pauses in the conversation, which were at length succeeded by wild tales and supernatural legends. One dismal story produced another still more dismal, and the Baron nearly frightened some of the ladies into hysterics with the history of the goblin horseman that carried away the fair Leonora ¹—a dreadful, but true story, which has since been put into excellent verse, and is read and believed by all the world.

The bridegroom listened to this tale with profound attention. He kept his eyes steadily fixed on the Baron, and as the story drew to a close, began gradually to rise from his seat, growing taller and taller, until, in the Baron's entranced eye, he seemed almost to tower into a giant. The moment the tale was finished, he heaved a deep sigh, and took a solemn farewell of the company. They were all amazement. The Baron was perfectly thunderstruck.

"What! going to leave the castle at midnight? Why, everything was prepared for his reception; a chamber was ready for him if he wished to retire."

The stranger shook his head mournfully and mysteriously: "I must lay my head in a different chamber to-night!"

There was something in this reply, and the tone in which it was uttered, that made the Baron's heart

¹ An old German ballad.

misgive him; but he rallied his forces, and repeated his hospitable entreaties. The stranger shook his head silently, but positively, at every offer; and waving his farewell to the company, stalked slowly out of the hall. The maiden aunts were absolutely petrified; the bride hung her head, and a tear stole to her eye.

The Baron followed the stranger to the great court of the castle, where the black charger stood pawing the earth, and snorting with impatience. When they had reached the portal, whose deep archway was dimly lighted by a cresset,¹ the stranger paused, and addressed the Baron in a hollow tone of voice, which the vaulted roof rendered still more sepulchral.²

"Now that we are alone," said he, "I will impart to you the reason of my going. I have a solemn, an indispensable engagement —"

"Why," said the Baron, "cannot you send some one in your place?"

"It admits of no substitute — I must attend it in person — I must away to Wurtzburg cathedral —"

"Ay," said the Baron, plucking up spirit, "but not until to-morrow — to-morrow you shall take your bride there."

"No !no!" replied the stranger, with tenfold solemnity, "my engagement is with no bride — the worms! the worms expect me! I am a dead man — I have been slain by robbers — my body lies at Wurtz-

¹ An iron vessel or basket for holding oil or pitchy wood, mounted on a torch or hung like a lantern. It was sometimes called a fire-basket.

² Gloomy, suggestive of a tomb.

burg — at midnight I am to be buried — the grave is waiting for me — I must keep my appointment !”

He sprang on his black charger, dashed over the drawbridge, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs was lost in the whistling of the night-blast.

The Baron returned to the hall in the utmost consternation, and related what had passed. Two ladies fainted outright ; others sickened at the idea of having banqueted with a spectre. It was the opinion of some that this might be the wild huntsman famous in German legend. Some talked of mountain sprites, of wood-demons, and of other supernatural beings, with which the good people of Germany have been so grievously harassed since time immemorial. One of the poor relations ventured to suggest that it might be some sportive evasion of the young cavalier, and that the very gloominess of the caprice seemed to accord with so melancholy a personage. This, however, drew on him the indignation of the whole company, and especially of the Baron, who looked upon him as little better than an infidel.

But, whatever may have been the doubts entertained, they were completely put to an end by the arrival, next day, of regular missives, confirming the intelligence of the young Count's murder, and his interment in Wurtzburg cathedral.

The dismay at the castle may well be imagined. The Baron shut himself up in his chamber. The guests who had come to rejoice with him could not think of abandoning him in his distress. They wandered about

the courts, or collected in groups in the hall, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders, at the troubles of so good a man; and sat longer than ever at table, and ate and drank more stoutly than ever, by way of keeping up their spirits. But the situation of the widowed bride was the most pitiable. To have lost a husband before she had even embraced him — and such a husband! If the very spectre could be so gracious and noble, what must have been the living man? She filled the house with lamentations.

On the night of the second day of her widowhood, she had retired to her chamber, accompanied by one of her aunts, who insisted on sleeping with her. The aunt, who was one of the best tellers of ghost stories in all Germany, had just been recounting one of her longest, and had fallen asleep in the very midst of it. The chamber was remote, and overlooked a small garden. The niece lay pensively gazing at the beams of the rising moon, as they trembled on the leaves of an aspen tree before the lattice. The castle clock had just told midnight, when a soft strain of music stole up from the garden. She rose hastily from her bed, and stepped lightly to the window. A tall figure stood among the shadows of the trees. As it raised its head, a beam of moonlight fell upon the countenance: Heaven and earth! she beheld the Spectre Bridegroom! A loud shriek at that moment burst upon her ear, and her aunt, who had been awakened by the music, and had followed her silently to the window, fell into her arms. When she looked again, the spectre had disappeared.

Of the two females, the aunt now required the most soothing, for she was perfectly beside herself with terror. As to the young lady, there was something, even in the spectre of her lover, that seemed endearing. There was still the semblance of manly beauty; and though the shadow of a man is but little calculated to satisfy the affections of a love-sick girl, yet, where the substance is not to be had, even that is consoling. The aunt declared she would never sleep in that chamber again. The niece, for once, was obstinate, and declared as strongly that she would sleep in no other in the castle. The consequence was, that she had to sleep in it alone; but she drew a promise from her aunt not to relate the story of the spectre, lest she should be denied the only melancholy pleasure left her on earth — that of inhabiting the chamber over which the guardian shade of her lover kept its nightly vigils.

How long the good old lady would have observed this promise is uncertain, for she dearly loved to talk of the marvelous, and there is a triumph in being the first to tell a frightful story. It is, however, still quoted in the neighborhood, as a memorable instance of female secrecy, that she kept it to herself for a whole week, when she was suddenly absolved from all further restraint by intelligence brought to the breakfast-table one morning that the young lady was not to be found. Her room was empty — the bed had not been slept in — the window was open — and the bird had flown!

The astonishment and concern with which the in-

telligence was received can only be imagined by those who have witnessed the agitation which the mishaps of a great man cause among his friends. Even the poor relations paused for a moment from the indefatigable labors of the trencher; when the aunt, who had at first been struck speechless, wrung her hands and shrieked out, "The goblin! the goblin! she's carried away by the goblin!"

In a few words she related the fearful scene of the garden, and concluded that the spectre must have carried off his bride. Two of the domestics corroborated the opinion, for they had heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs down the mountain about midnight, and had no doubt that it was the spectre on his black charger, bearing her away to the tomb. All present were struck with the direful probability, for events of the kind are extremely common in Germany, as many histories bear witness.

What a lamentable situation was that of the poor Baron! What a heart-rending dilemma for a fond father, and a member of the great family of Katzenellenbogen! His only daughter had either been wrapt away to the grave, or he was to have some wood-demon for a son-in-law, and, perchance, a troop of goblin grandchildren. As usual, he was completely bewildered, and all the castle in an uproar. The men were ordered to take horse, and scour every road and path and glen of the Odenwald. The Baron himself had just drawn on his jack-boots, girded on his sword, and was about to mount his steed to sally forth on the doubtful quest,

when he was brought to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching the castle, mounted on a palfrey, attended by a cavalier on horseback. She galloped up to the gate, sprang from her horse, and, falling at the Baron's feet, embraced his knees. It was his lost daughter, and her companion — the Spectre Bridegroom! The Baron was astounded. He looked at his daughter, then at the Spectre, and almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The latter, too, was wonderfully improved in his appearance since his visit to the world of spirits. His dress was splendid, and set off a noble figure of manly symmetry. He was no longer pale and melancholy. His fine countenance was flushed with the glow of youth, and joy rioted in his large dark eye.

The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier (for in truth, as you must have known all the while, he was no goblin) announced himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenfaust. He related his adventure with the young Count. He told how he had hastened to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the eloquence of the Baron had interrupted him in every attempt to tell his tale. How the sight of the bride had completely captivated him, and that to pass a few hours near her, he had silently suffered the mistake to continue. How he had been sorely perplexed in what way to make a decent retreat, until the Baron's goblin stories had suggested his strange exit. How, fearing the feudal hostility of the family, he had repeated his visits by stealth — had haunted the garden beneath

the young lady's window — had wooed — had won — had borne away in triumph — and, in a word, had wedded the fair.

Under any other circumstances, the Baron would have been inflexible; but he loved his daughter; he had lamented her as lost; he rejoiced to find her still alive; and, though her husband was of a hostile house, yet, thank Heaven, he was not a goblin. There was something of untruth, it must be acknowledged, in the joke the knight had passed upon him of his being a dead man; but several old friends present, who had served in the wars, assured him that every stratagem was excusable in love, and that the cavalier was entitled to especial privilege, having lately served as a trooper.

Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The Baron pardoned the young couple on the spot. The revels at the castle were resumed. The poor relations overwhelmed this new member of the family with loving kindness, — he was so gallant, so generous — and so rich. The aunts, it is true, were somewhat scandalized that their system of strict seclusion and passive obedience should be so disregarded, but attributed it all to their negligence in not having the windows grated. One of them was particularly mortified at having her marvelous story marred, and that the only spectre she had ever seen should turn out a counterfeit. But the niece seemed perfectly happy at having found him substantial flesh and blood — and so the story ends.

THE ADVENTURE OF MY AUNT

My aunt was a lady of large frame, strong mind, and great resolution; she was what might be termed a very manly woman. My uncle was a thin, puny little man, very meek and acquiescent,¹ and no match for my aunt. It was observed that he dwindled and dwindled gradually away, from the day of his marriage. His wife's powerful mind was too much for him; it wore him out. My aunt, however, took all possible care of him: had half the doctors in town to prescribe for him, made him take all their prescriptions *willy nilly*,² and dosed him with physic enough to cure a whole hospital. All was in vain. My uncle grew worse and worse the more dosing and nursing he underwent, until in the end he added another to the long list of matrimonial victims who have been killed with kindness.

‘And was it his ghost that appeared to her?’ asked the inquisitive gentleman, who had questioned the former story-teller.³

“ You shall hear,” replied the narrator. “ My aunt

¹ Inclined to submit readily.

² Whether he was willing or not.

³ See Introduction, p. 000.

took on mightily for the death of her poor dear husband. Perhaps she felt some compunction¹ at having given him so much physic and nursed him into his grave. At any rate, she did all that a widow could do to honor his memory. She spared no expense in either the quantity or quality of her mourning weeds: she wore a miniature of him about her neck, as large as a little sun dial; and she had a full-length portrait of him always hanging in her bed chamber. All the world extolled her conduct to the skies; and it was determined that a woman who behaved so well to the memory of one husband deserved soon to get another.

It was not long after this that she went to take up her residence in an old country seat in Derbyshire,² which had long been in the care of merely a steward and housekeeper. She took most of her servants with her, intending to make it her principal abode. The house stood in a lonely, wild part of the country, among the gray Derbyshire hills, with a murderer hanging in chains on a bleak height in full view.

The servants from town were half frightened out of their wits at the idea of living in such a dismal, pagan-looking place, especially when they got together in the servants' hall in the evening, and compared notes on all the hobgoblin stories they had picked up in the course of the day. They were afraid to venture alone about the forlorn black-looking chambers. My lady's maid, who was troubled with nerves, declared she could never sleep alone in such a "gashly, rummag-

¹ Remorse.

² A county in southern England.

ing old building"; and the footman, who was a kind-hearted young fellow, did all in his power to cheer her up.

My aunt herself seemed to be struck with the lonely appearance of the house. Before she went to bed, therefore, she examined well the fastenings of the doors and windows, locked up the plate with her own hands, and carried the keys, together with a little box of money and jewels, to her own room, for she was a notable woman, and always saw to all things herself. Having put the keys under her pillow and dismissed her maid, she sat by her toilet arranging her hair; for being, in spite of her grief for my uncle, rather a buxom widow, she was somewhat particular about her person. She sat for a little while looking at her face in the glass, first on one side, then on the other, as ladies are apt to do when they would ascertain if they have been in good looks; for a roystering¹ country squire of the neighborhood, with whom she had flirted when a girl, had called that day to welcome her to the country.

All of a sudden she thought she heard something move behind her. She looked hastily round, but there was nothing to be seen. Nothing but the grimly painted portrait of her poor dear man, which had been hung against the wall. She gave a heavy sigh to his memory, as she was accustomed to do whenever she spoke of him in company, and went on adjusting her night-dress. Her sigh was reëchoed, or answered by a

¹ Blustering or swaggering.

long-drawn breath. She looked round again, but no one was to be seen. She ascribed these sounds to the wind, oozing through the rat holes of the old mansion; and proceeded leisurely to put her hair in papers, when, all at once, she thought she perceived one of the eyes of the portrait move.

"The back of her head being towards it!" said the story-teller with the ruined head,¹ giving a knowing wink — "good!"

"Yes, sir!" replied dryly the narrator, "her back being towards the portrait, but her eye fixed on its reflection in the glass."

Well, as I was saying, she perceived one of the eyes of the portrait move. So strange a circumstance, as you may well suppose, gave her a sudden shock. To assure herself cautiously of the fact, she put one hand to her forehead, as if rubbing it, peeped through her fingers, and moved the candle with the other hand. The light of the taper gleamed on the eye, and was reflected from it. She was sure it moved. Nay, more, it seemed to give her a wink, as she had sometimes known her husband to do when living! It struck a momentary chill to her heart, for she was a lone woman and felt herself fearfully situated.

The chill was but transient. My aunt, who was almost as resolute a personage as your uncle, sir (turning to the old story-teller), became instantly calm and collected. She went on adjusting her dress. She

¹ The narrator of a story preceding this. See Introduction, p. 14.

even hummed a favorite air, and did not make a single false note. She casually overturned a dressing box; took a candle and picked up the articles leisurely, one by one, from the floor; pursued a rolling pincushion that was making the best of its way under the bed; then opened the door, looked for an instant into the corridor, as if in doubt whether to go, and then walked quietly out.

She hastened downstairs, ordered the servants to arm themselves with the first weapons that came to hand, placed herself at their head, and returned almost immediately.

Her hastily-levied army presented a formidable force. The steward had a rusty blunderbuss,¹ the coachman a loaded whip, the footman a pair of horse pistols, the cook a huge chopping knife, and the butler a bottle in each hand. My aunt led the van with a red-hot poker; and, in my opinion, she was the most formidable of the party. The waiting-maid brought up the rear, dreading to stay alone in the servants' hall, smelling to a broken bottle of volatile salts, and expressing her terror of the ghostesses.

"Ghosts!" said my aunt resolutely. "I'll singe their whiskers for them!"

They entered the chamber. All was still and undisturbed as when she had left it. They approached the portrait of my uncle.

"Pull me down that picture!" cried my aunt.

A heavy groan, and a sound like the chattering of

¹ A short gun or firearm used in early days.

teeth, was heard from the portrait. The servants shrunk back. The maid uttered a faint shriek, and clung to the footman for support.

"Instantly!" added my aunt, with a stamp of the foot.

The picture was pulled down, and from a recess behind it, in which had formerly stood a clock, they hauled forth a round-shouldered, black-bearded varlet, with a knife as long as my arm, but trembling all over like an aspen leaf.

"Well, and who was he? No ghost, I suppose!" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"A Knight of the Post," replied the narrator, "who had been smitten with the worth of the wealthy widow; or rather a marauding Tarquin,¹ who had stolen into her chamber to violate her purse and rifle her strong box when all the house should be asleep. In plain terms," continued he, "the vagabond was a loose, idle fellow of the neighborhood, who had once been a servant in the house, and had been employed to assist in arranging it for the reception of its mistress. He confessed that he had contrived his hiding-place for his nefarious purposes, and had borrowed an eye from the portrait by way of a reconnoitering² hole."

"And what did they do with him — did they hang him?" resumed the questioner.

"Hang him? — how could they?" exclaimed a

¹ In Roman legend a family who were expelled from Rome because of the misdeeds of Sextus, one of the sons.

² Place from which he could examine the room with his eye.

beetle-browed barrister¹ with a hawk's nose. "The offence was not capital — no robbery or assault had been committed — no forcible entry or breaking into the premises —"

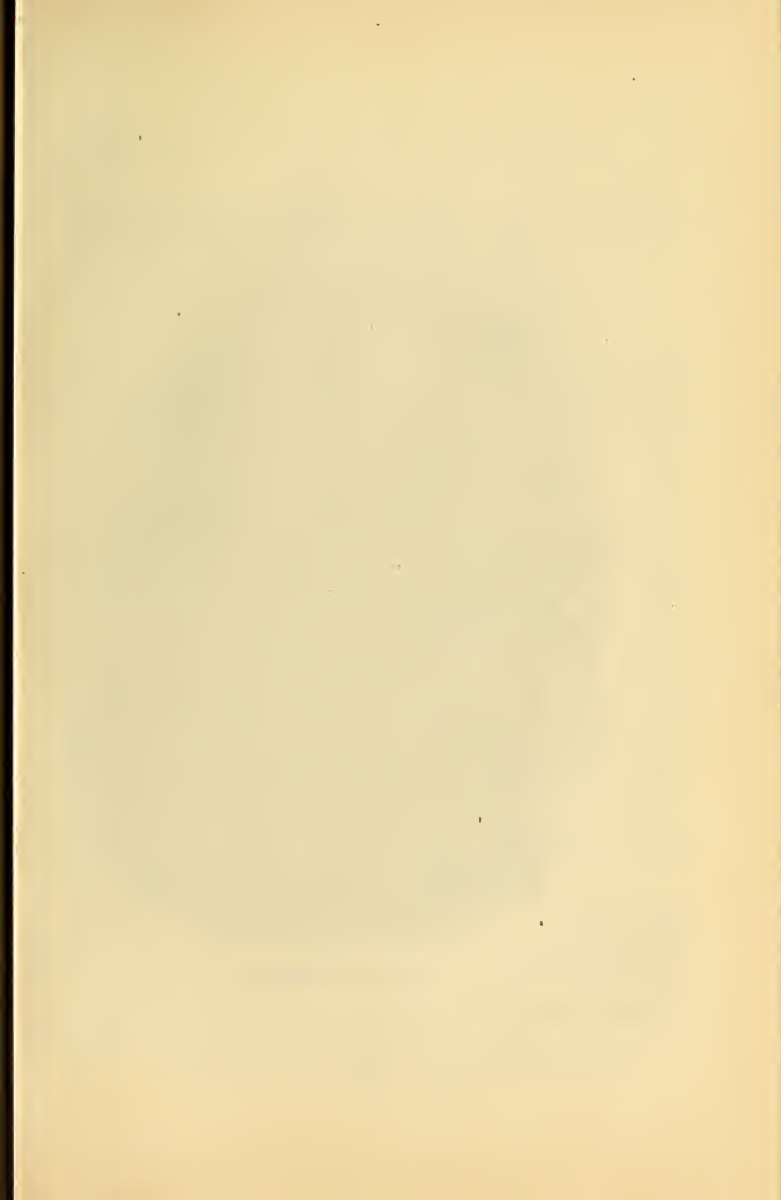
"My aunt," said the narrator, "was a woman of spirit, and apt to take the law into her own hands. She had her own notions of cleanliness also. She ordered the fellow to be drawn through the horse-pond to cleanse away all offenses, and then to be well rubbed down with an oaken towel."

"And what became of him afterwards?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"I do not exactly know — I believe he was sent on a voyage of improvement to Botany Bay."²

¹ Lawyer.

² A harbor on the east coast of Australia, the proposed site of an English convict settlement. It was named from the number of new plants found on its shore at the time of its discovery by Cook in 1770.





THE ALHAMBRA

LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY

JUST within the fortress of the Alhambra, in front of the royal palace, is a broad open esplanade,¹ called the Square of the Cisterns,² so called from being undermined by reservoirs of water, hidden from sight, and which have existed from the time of the Moors. At one corner of this esplanade is a Moorish well, cut through the living rock to a great depth, the water of which is cold as ice and clear as crystal. The wells made by the Moors are always in repute,³ for it is well known what pains they took to penetrate to the purest and sweetest springs and fountains. The one we are speaking of is famous throughout Granada, insomuch that the water-carriers, some bearing great water jars on their shoulders, others driving donkeys before them, laden with earthen vessels, are ascending and descending the steep woody avenues of the Alhambra from early dawn until a late hour of the night.

Fountains and wells, ever since the scriptural days, have been noted gossiping places in hot climates; and at the well in question there is a kind of perpetual

¹ A clear space between a citadel and the nearest houses of the town.

² See Introduction, p. 17.

³ Of a good reputation.

club kept up during the livelong day, by the invalids, old women, and other curious, do-nothing folk of the fortress, who sit here on the stone benches under an awning spread over the well to shelter the toll-gatherer from the sun, and dawdle over the gossip of the fortress, and question any water-carrier that arrives, about the news of the city, and make long comments on everything they hear and see. Not an hour of the day but loitering housewives and idle maid-servants may be seen, lingering with pitcher on head or in hand, to hear the last of the endless tattle of these worthies.

Among the water-carriers who once resorted to this well there was a sturdy, strong-backed, bandy-legged little fellow, named Pedro Gil, but called Peregil for shortness. Being a water-carrier, he was a Gallego, or native of Galicia,¹ of course.

Peregil the Gallego had begun business with merely a great earthen jar, which he carried upon his shoulder; by degrees he rose in the world, and was enabled to purchase an assistant, a stout, shaggy-haired donkey. On each side of this his long-eared aid-de-camp,² in a kind of pannier,³ were slung his water-jars covered with fig leaves to protect them from the sun. There was not a more industrious water-carrier in all Granada, nor one more merry withal. The streets rang with his cheerful voice as he trudged after his donkey, singing forth the usual summer note that resounds through the Spanish towns:

¹ A small province of Austria-Hungary.

² Assistant.

³ Large wicker basket.

“Who wants water — water colder than snow? Who wants water from the well of the Alhambra — cold as ice and clear as crystal?”

When he served a customer with a sparkling glass, it was always with a pleasant word that caused a smile; and if, perchance, it was a comely dame or dimpling damsel, it was always with a sly leer and a compliment to her beauty that was irresistible. Thus Peregil the Gallego was noted throughout all Granada for being one of the civilest, pleasantest, and happiest of mortals. Yet it is not he who sings loudest and jokes most that has the lightest heart. Under all this air of merriment, honest Peregil had his cares and troubles. He had a large family of ragged children to support, who were hungry and clamorous as a nest of young swallows, and beset him with their outcries for food whenever he came home of an evening.

He had a help-mate, too, who was anything but a help to him. She had been a village beauty before marriage, noted for her skill in dancing the bolero¹ and rattling the castanets,² and she still retained her early propensities, spending the hard earnings of honest Peregil in frippery,³ and laying the very donkey under requisition for junketing parties into the country on Sundays and Saints' Days, and those innumerable holidays which are rather more numerous in Spain than the days of the week. With all this she was a

¹ A lively Spanish dance.

² Instruments made of two small shells of ivory or hard wood fastened to the thumb and beaten with the middle finger.

³ Cheap finery.

little of a slattern,¹ something more of a lie-a-bed, and, above all, a gossip of the first water, neglecting house, household and everything else, to loiter slip-shod in the houses of her gossip neighbors.

He, however, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb accommodates the yoke of matrimony to the submissive neck. Peregil bore all the heavy dispensations² of wife and children with as meek a spirit as his donkey bore the water-jars, and however he might shake his ears in private, never ventured to question the household virtues of his slattern spouse.

He loved his children, too, even as an owl loves its owlets, seeing in them his own image multiplied and perpetuated, for they were a sturdy, long-backed, bandy-legged³ little brood. The great pleasure of honest Peregil was, whenever he could afford himself a scanty holiday and had a handful of maravedies⁴ to spare, to take the whole litter forth with him, some in his arms, some tugging at his skirts, and some trudging at his heels, and to treat them to a gambol among the orchards of the Vega,⁵ while his wife was dancing with her holiday friends in the Angosturas of the Darro.⁶

It was a late hour one summer night, and most of the water-carriers had desisted from their toils. The day had been uncommonly sultry. The night was one

¹ An untidy woman who is careless about her dress and her house.

² Dealings.

³ Bow-legged.

⁴ Spanish coins.

⁵ A valley in Spain.

⁶ Narrow passes of the Darro River, a small stream famous in olden times for yielding gold.

of those delicious moonlights which tempt the inhabitants of those southern climes to linger in the open air and enjoy its tempered sweetness until after midnight. Customers for water were therefore still abroad. Peregil, like a considerate, painstaking little father, thought of his hungry children.

"One more journey to the well," said he to himself, "to earn a good Sunday's puchero¹ for the little ones."

So saying, he trudged rapidly up the steep avenue of the Alhambra, singing as he went, and now and then bestowing a hearty thwack with a cudgel on the flanks of his donkey, either by way of cadence to the song or refreshment to the animal, for dry blows serve in lieu of provender in Spain for all beasts of burden.

When arrived at the well, he found it deserted by every one except a solitary stranger in Moorish garb, seated on the stone bench in the moonlight. Peregil paused at first, and regarded him with surprise, not unmixed with awe; but the Moor feebly beckoned him to approach.

"I am faint and ill," said he; "aid me to return to the city, and I will pay thee double what thou couldst gain by thy jars of water."

The honest heart of the little water-carrier was touched with compassion at the appeal of the stranger.

"God forbid," said he, "that I should ask fee or reward for doing a common act of humanity."

He accordingly helped the Moor on his donkey and

¹ A common Spanish dish composed of meat and vegetables.

set off slowly for Granada, the poor Moslem being so weak that it was necessary to hold him on the animal to keep him from falling to the earth.

When they entered the city, the water-carrier demanded whither he should conduct him.

"Alas!" said the Moor, faintly, "I have neither home nor habitation. I am a stranger in the land. Suffer me to lay my head this night beneath thy roof, and thou shalt be amply repaid."

Honest Peregil thus saw himself unexpectedly saddled with an infidel guest, but he was too humane to refuse a night's shelter to a fellow-being in so forlorn a plight; so he conducted the Moor to his dwelling. The children, who had sallied forth open-mouthed, as usual, on hearing the tramp of the donkey, ran back with affright when they beheld the turbaned stranger, and hid themselves behind their mother. The latter stepped forth intrepidly, like a ruffling hen before her brood, when a vagrant dog approaches.

"What infidel companion," cried she, "is this you have brought home at this late hour?"

"Be quiet, wife," replied the Gallego; "here is a poor, sick stranger, without friend or home. Wouldst thou turn him forth to perish in the streets?"

The wife would still have remonstrated, for though she lived in a hovel, she was a furious stickler for the credit of her house. The little water-carrier, however, for once was stiff-necked and refused to bend beneath the yoke. He assisted the poor Moslem to alight, and spread a mat and a sheep-skin for him, on the ground,

in the coolest part of the house, being the only kind of bed that his poverty afforded.

In a little while the Moor was seized with violent convulsions, which defied all the ministering skill of the simple water-carrier. The eye of the poor patient acknowledged his kindness. During an interval of his fits he called Peregil to his side, and addressing him in a low voice :

"My end," said he, "I fear is at hand. If I die I bequeath you this box as a reward for your charity."

So saying, he opened his albornoz, or cloak, and showed a small box of sandal wood, strapped round his body.

"God grant, my friend," replied the worthy little Gallego, "that you may live many years to enjoy your treasure, whatever it may be."

The Moor shook his head. He laid his hand upon the box, and would have said something more concerning it, but his convulsions returned with increased violence, and in a little while he expired.

The water-carrier's wife was now as one distracted.

"This comes," said she, "of your foolish good nature, always running into scrapes to oblige others. What will become of us when this corpse is found in our house? We shall be sent to prison as murderers."

Poor Peregil was in equal tribulation, and almost repented himself of having done a good deed. At length a thought struck him.

"It is not yet day," said he. "I can convey the dead body out of the city and bury it in the sands on

the banks of the Xenil.¹ No one saw the Moor enter our dwelling, and no one will know anything of his death."

So said, so done. The wife aided him: they rolled the body of the unfortunate Moslem in the mat on which he had expired, laid it across the donkey, and Peregil set out with it for the banks of the river.

As ill luck would have it, there lived opposite to the water-carrier a barber named Pedrillo Pedrugo, one of the most prying, tattling, mischief-making of his gossip tribe. He was a weasel-faced, spider-legged varlet, supple and insinuating. The famous Barber of Seville could not surpass him for his universal knowledge of the affairs of others, and he had no more power of retention than a sieve. It was said that he slept with but one eye at a time, and kept one ear uncovered, so that even in his sleep he might see and hear all that was going on. Certain it is, he was a sort of scandalous chronicle for the quidnuncs² of Granada, and had more customers than all the rest of his fraternity.

This meddlesome barber heard Peregil arrive at an unusual hour of night, and the exclamations of his wife and children. His head was instantly popped out of a little window which served him as a lookout, and he saw his neighbor assist a man in a Moorish garb into his dwelling. This was so strange an occurrence that Pedrillo Pedrugo slept not a wink that night. Every five minutes he was at his loop-hole,

¹ The principal river of Granada whose valley is a very garden.

² Gossips.

watching the lights that gleamed through the chinks of his neighbor's door, and before daylight he beheld Peregil sally forth with his donkey unusually laden.

The inquisitive barber was in a fidget. He slipped on his clothes, and stealing forth silently, followed the water-carrier at a distance, until he saw him dig a hole in the sandy bank of the Xenil, and bury something that had the appearance of a dead body.

The barber hied him home and fidgeted about his shop, setting everything upside down, until sunrise. He then took a basin under his arm, and sallied forth to the house of his daily customer, the *alcalde*.¹

The *alcalde* was just risen. Pedrillo Pedrugo seated him in a chair, threw a napkin round his neck, put a basin of hot water under his chin, and began to mollify his beard with his fingers.

"Strange doings," said Pedrugo, who played barber and news monger² at the same time. "Strange doings! Robbery, and murder, and burial, all in one night!"

"Hey? how! What is it you say?" cried the *alcalde*.

"I say," replied the barber, rubbing a piece of soap over the nose and mouth of the dignitary, "I say that Peregil the Gallego has robbed and murdered a Moorish Mussulman, and buried him this blessed night. Accursed be the night for the same!"

"But how do you know all this?" demanded the *alcalde*.

¹ Judge. The title is still used in Spain and countries in America settled by Spaniards. He also serves as mayor.

² Gossip.

"Be patient, Señor,¹ and you shall hear all about it," replied Pedrillo, taking him by the nose and sliding a razor over his cheek. He then recounted all that he had seen, going through both operations at the same time, shaving his beard and washing his chin while he was robbing, murdering, and burying the Moslem.

Now it so happened that this *alcalde* was one of the most overbearing and at the same time most corrupt curmudgeons² in all Granada. It could not be denied, however, that he set a high value upon justice, for he sold it at its weight in gold. He presumed the case in point to be one of murder and robbery. Doubtless there must be rich spoil; how was it to be secured into the legitimate hands of the law? for as to merely entrapping the delinquent — that would be feeding the gallows; but entrapping the booty — that would be enriching the judge; and such, according to his creed, was the great end of justice. So thinking, he summoned to his presence his trustiest *alguazil*,³ a gaunt, hungry-looking varlet, clad, according to the custom of his order, in the ancient Spanish garb: a broad black beaver, turned up at the sides; a quaint ruff, a small black cloak dangling from his shoulders; rusty black underclothes that set off his spare wiry form; while in his hand he bore a slender white wand,

¹ A Spanish term similar to our "Sir" or "Mister."

² Misers.

³ The general name in Spain of the officers intrusted to execute justice; attendants or officers of the court of justice and police who are appointed by the judges or town council.

the dreaded insignia of his office. Such was the legal bloodhound of the ancient Spanish breed that he put upon the traces of the unlucky water-carrier; and such was his speed and certainty that he was upon the haunches of poor Peregil before he had returned to his dwelling, and brought both him and his donkey before the dispenser of justice.

The alcalde bent upon him one of his most terrific frowns.

"Hark ye, culprit!" roared he in a voice that made the knees of the little Gallego smite together. "Hark ye, culprit! there is no need of denying thy guilt: everything is known to me. A gallows is the proper reward for the crime thou hast committed; but I am merciful, and readily listen to reason. The man that has been murdered in thy house was a Moor, an infidel, the enemy of our faith. It was doubtless in a fit of religious zeal that thou hast slain him. I will be indulgent, therefore; render up the property of which thou hast robbed him, and we will hush the matter up."

The poor water-carrier called upon all the saints to witness his innocence; alas! not one of them appeared. The water-carrier related the whole story of the dying Moor with the straightforward simplicity of truth, but it was all in vain.

"Wilt thou persist in saying," demanded the judge, "that this Moslem had neither gold nor jewels, which were the object of thy cupidity?"¹

¹ Greed.

"As I hope to be saved, your worship," replied the water-carrier, "he had nothing but a small box of sandal wood, which he bequeathed to me in reward of my services."

"A box of sandal wood! a box of sandal wood!" exclaimed the alcalde, his eyes sparkling at the idea of precious jewels. "And where is this box? Where have you concealed it?"

"An' it please your grace," replied the water-carrier, "it is in one of the panniers of my mule, and heartily at the service of your worship."

He had hardly spoken the words when the keen alguazil darted off and reappeared in an instant with the mysterious box of sandal wood. The alcalde opened it with an eager and trembling hand. All pressed forward to gaze upon the treasures it was expected to contain; when, to their disappointment, nothing appeared within but a parchment scroll, covered with Arabic characters, and an end of a waxen taper!

The alcalde, having recovered from his disappointment and found there was really no booty in the case, now listened dispassionately¹ to the explanation of the water-carrier, which was corroborated by the testimony of his wife. Being convinced, therefore, of his innocence, he discharged him from arrest; nay more, he permitted him to carry off the Moor's legacy, the box of sandal wood and its contents, as the well-merited reward of his humanity; but he retained his donkey in payment of costs and charges.

¹ Without any show of feeling.

Behold the unfortunate little Gallego reduced once more to the necessity of being his own water-carrier, and trudging up to the well of the Alhambra with a great earthen jar upon his shoulder! As he toiled up the hill in the heat of a summer noon his usual good humor forsook him.

"Dog of an alcalde!" would he cry, "to rob a poor man of the means of his subsistence — of the best friend he had in the world!"

And then at the remembrance of the beloved companion of his labors all the kindness of his nature would break forth.

"Ah, donkey of my heart!" would he exclaim, resting his burden on a stone, and wiping the sweat from his brow. "Ah, donkey of my heart! I warrant me thou thinkest of thy old master! I warrant me thou missest thy water jars — poor beast!"

To add to his afflictions his wife received him, on his return home, with whimperings and repinings; and, like a knowing woman, she took every occasion to throw her superior sagacity¹ in his teeth. If ever her children lacked food, or needed a new garment, she would answer with a sneer, "Go to your father; he's heir to king Chico² of the Alhambra. Ask him to help you out of the Moor's strong box."

Was ever poor mortal more soundly punished for having done a good action! The unlucky Peregil was grieved in flesh and spirit, but still he bore meekly with the railings of his spouse. At length one evening,

¹ Shrewdness.

² See Introduction, p. 18.

when, after a hot day's toil, she taunted him in the usual manner, he lost all patience. He did not venture to retort upon her, but his eye rested upon the box of sandal wood, which lay on a shelf with lid half open, as if laughing in mockery of his vexation. Seizing it up he dashed it with indignation on the floor.

"Unlucky was the day that I ever set eyes on thee," he cried, "or sheltered thy master beneath my roof."

As the box struck the floor the lid flew wide open, and the parchment scroll rolled forth. Peregil sat regarding the scroll for some time in moody silence. At length rallying his ideas, "Who knows," thought he, "but this writing may be of some importance, as the Moor seems to have guarded it with such care?"

Picking it up, therefore, he put it in his bosom, and the next morning, as he was crying water through the streets, he stopped at the shop of a Moor, a native of Tangiers,¹ who sold trinkets and perfumery in the Zacatin,² and asked him to explain the contents.

The Moor read the scroll attentively, then stroked his beard and smiled.

"This manuscript," said he, "is a form of incantation for the recovery of hidden treasure that is under the power of enchantment. It is said to have such virtue that the strongest bolts and bars, nay the adamantine rock³ itself will yield before it."

¹ A seaport town of Morocco. It is surrounded by walls and defended by a castle.

² The main street of what in the time of the Moors was a great bazaar.

³ A rock of extreme hardness.

"Bah!" cried the little Gallego, "what is all that to me? I am no enchanter, and know nothing of buried treasure."

So saying he shouldered his water-jar, left the scroll in the hands of the Moor, and trudged forward on his daily rounds.

That evening, however, as he rested himself about twilight at the well of the Alhambra, he found a number of gossips assembled at the place; and their conversation, as is not unusual at that shadowy hour, turned upon old tales and traditions of a supernatural nature. Being all poor as rats, they dwelt with peculiar fondness upon the popular theme of enchanted riches left by the Moors in various parts of the Alhambra. Above all, they concurred in the belief that there were great treasures buried deep in the earth under the tower of the Seven Floors.¹

These stories made an unusual impression on the mind of honest Peregil, and they sank deeper and deeper into his thoughts as he returned alone down the darkling avenues.

"If, after all, there should be treasure hid beneath that tower; and if the scroll I left with the Moor should enable me to get at it!"

In the sudden ecstasy of the thought he had well nigh let fall his water jar.

That night he tumbled and tossed, and could scarcely get a wink of sleep for the thoughts that were bewildering his brain. In the morning, bright and early,

¹ See Introduction, p. 18.

he went to the shop of the Moor and told him all that was passing in his mind.

"You can read Arabic," said he; "suppose we go together to the tower and try the effect of the charm. If it fails we are no worse off than before, but if it succeeds we will share equally all the treasure we may discover."

"Hold!" replied the Moslem. "This writing is not sufficient of itself; it must be read at midnight, by the light of a taper singularly prepared, the ingredients of which are not within my reach. Without such taper the scroll is of no avail."

"Say no more!" cried the little Gallego. "I have such a taper at hand and will bring it here in a moment."

So saying he hastened home, and soon returned with the end of a yellow wax taper that he had found in the box of sandal wood. The Moor felt it, and smelt of it.

"Here are rare and costly perfumes," said he, "combined with this yellow wax. This is the kind of taper specified in the scroll. While this burns, the strongest walls and most secret caverns will remain open; woe to him, however, who lingers within until it be extinguished! He will remain enchanted with the treasure."

It was now agreed between them to try the charm that very night. At a late hour, therefore, when nothing was stirring but bats and owls, they ascended the woody hill of the Alhambra, and approached that

awful tower, shrouded by trees and rendered formidable by so many traditionary tales.

By the light of a lantern, they groped their way through bushes, and over fallen stones, to the door of a vault beneath the tower. With fear and trembling they descended a flight of steps cut into the rock. It led to an empty chamber, damp and drear, from which another flight of steps led to a deeper vault. In this way they descended four several flights, leading into as many vaults, one below the other, but the floor of the fourth was solid, and though, according to tradition, there remained three vaults still below, it was said to be impossible to penetrate further, the residue being shut up by strong enchantment. The air of this vault was damp and chilly, and had an earthy smell, and the light scarce cast forth any rays.

They paused here for a time in breathless suspense, until they faintly heard the clock of the watch tower strike midnight. Upon this they lit the waxen taper, which diffused an odor of myrrh and frankincense and storax.¹

The Moor began to read in a hurried voice. He had scarce finished, when there was a noise as of subterraneous thunder. The earth shook, and the floor yawning open disclosed a flight of steps. Trembling with awe they descended, and by the light of the lantern found themselves in another vault, covered with Arabic inscriptions. In the center stood a great chest, secured with seven bands of steel, at each end of which sat an

¹ Fragrant Oriental gums used in making candles and incense.

enchanted Moor in armor, but motionless as a statue. Before the chest were several jars filled with gold and silver and precious stones. In the largest of these they thrust their arms up to the elbow, and at every dip hauled forth handfuls of broad yellow pieces of Moorish gold, or bracelets and ornaments of the same precious metal. Occasionally a necklace of oriental pearl would stick to their fingers. Still they trembled and breathed short while cramming their pockets with the spoils, and cast many a fearful glance at the two enchanted Moors, who sat grim and motionless, glaring upon them with unwinking eyes.

At length, struck with a sudden panic at some fancied noise, they both rushed up the staircase, tumbled over one another into the upper apartment, and overturned and extinguished the waxen taper. The pavement again closed with a thundering sound.

Filled with dismay, they did not pause until they had groped their way out of the tower, and beheld the stars shining through the trees. Then seating themselves upon the grass, they divided the spoil, determining to content themselves for the present with this mere skimming of the jars, but to return on some future night and drain them to the bottom. To make sure of each other's good faith, also, they divided the talismans¹ between them, one retaining the scroll and the other the taper; this done, they set off with light hearts and well-lined pockets for Granada.

¹ A charm that produces extraordinary effects, — in this case the opening of the treasure cave.

As they wended their way down the hill, the shrewd Moor whispered a word of counsel in the ear of the simple little water-carrier.

"Friend Peregil," said he, "all this affair must be kept a profound secret until we have secured the treasure and conveyed it out of harm's way. If a whisper of it gets to the ear of the alcalde we are undone!"

"Certainly," replied the Gallego, "nothing can be more true."

"Friend Peregil," said the Moor, "you are a discreet man, and I make no doubt can keep a secret; but — you have a wife —"

"She shall not know a word of it!" replied the little water-carrier sturdily.

"Enough," said the Moor, "I depend upon thy discretion and thy promise."

Never was promise more positive and sincere; but alas! what man can keep a secret from his wife? Certainly not such a one as Peregil the water-carrier, who was one of the most loving and tractable of husbands. On his return home he found his wife moping in a corner.

"Mighty well!" cried she, as he entered. "You've come at last, after rambling about until this hour of the night. I wonder you have not brought home another Moor."

Then bursting into tears she began to wring her hands and smite her breast.

"Unhappy woman that I am!" exclaimed she. "What will become of me! My house stripped and

plundered by lawyers and alguazils; my husband a do-no-good that no longer brings home bread for his family, but goes rambling about, day and night, with infidel Moors! Oh, my children! my children! what will become of us? We shall all have to beg in the streets!"

Honest Peregil was so moved by the distress of his spouse that he could not help whimpering also. His heart was as full as his pocket, and not to be restrained. Thrusting his hand into the latter he hauled forth three or four broad gold pieces and slipped them into her bosom. The poor woman stared with astonishment, and could not understand the meaning of this golden shower. Before she could recover her surprise, the little Gallego drew forth a chain of gold and dangled it before her, capering with exultation, his mouth distended from ear to ear.

"What hast thou been doing, Peregil?" exclaimed the wife. "Surely thou hast not been committing murder and robbery!"

The idea scarce entered the brain of the poor woman than it became a certainty with her. She saw a prison and a gallows in the distance, and a little bandy-legged Gallego dangling pendent from it; and, overcome by the horrors conjured up by her imagination, fell into violent hysterics.

What could the poor man do? He had no other means of pacifying his wife and dispelling the phantoms of her fancy than by relating the whole story of his good fortune. This, however, he did not do until he

had exacted from her the most solemn promise to keep it a profound secret from every living being.

To describe her joy would be impossible. She flung her arms round the neck of her husband, and almost strangled him with her caresses.

"Now, wife!" exclaimed the little man with honest exultation, "what say you now to the Moor's legacy? Henceforth never abuse me for helping a fellow-creature in distress."

The honest Gallego retired to his sheepskin mat and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down. Not so his wife. She emptied the whole contents of his pockets upon the mat, and sat all night counting gold pieces of Arabic coin, trying on necklaces and ear-rings, and fancying the figure she should one day make when permitted to enjoy her riches:

On the following morning the honest Gallego took a broad golden coin and repaired with it to a jeweler's shop in the Zacatin to offer it for sale, pretending to have found it among the ruins of the Alhambra. The jeweler saw that it had an Arabic inscription and was of the purest gold. He offered, however, but a third of its value, with which the water-carrier was perfectly content. Peregil now bought new clothes for his little flock, and all kinds of toys, together with ample provisions for a hearty meal, and returning to his dwelling set all his children dancing around him, while he capered in the midst, the happiest of fathers.

The wife of the water-carrier kept her promise of secrecy with surprising strictness. For a whole day

and a half she went about with a look of mystery and a heart swelling almost to bursting, yet she held her peace, though surrounded by her gossips. It is true she could not help giving herself a few airs, apologized for her ragged dress, and talked of ordering a new *basquiña*¹ all trimmed with gold lace and bugles,² and a new lace mantilla.³ She threw out hints of her husband's intention of leaving off his trade of water-carrying, as it did not altogether agree with his health. In fact she thought they should all retire to the country for the summer, that the children might have the benefit of the mountain air, for there was no living in the city in this sultry season.

The neighbors stared at each other and thought the poor woman had lost her wits, and her airs and graces and elegant pretensions were the theme of universal scoffing and merriment among her friends, the moment her back was turned.

If she restrained herself abroad, however, she did not at home, and putting a string of rich oriental pearls round her neck, Moorish bracelets on her arms, an aigrette of diamonds on her head, she sailed backwards and forwards in her rags about the room, now and then stopping to admire herself in a piece of broken mirror. Nay, in the impulse of her simple vanity, she could not resist on one occasion showing herself at the window to enjoy the effect of her finery on the passers-by.

¹ An outer petticoat worn by Spanish women.

² Long glass beads.

³ A kind of veil, covering the head and falling down upon the shoulders.

As the fates would have it, Pedrillo Pedrugo, the meddlesome barber, was at this moment sitting idly in his shop on the opposite side of the street, when his ever watchful eye caught the sparkle of a diamond. In an instant he was at his loop-hole, watching the spouse of the water-carrier, decorated with the splendor of an eastern bride. No sooner had he taken an accurate inventory of her ornaments than he posted off with all speed to the alcalde. In a little while the hungry alguazil was again on the scent, and before the day was over, the unfortunate Peregil was again dragged into the presence of the judge.

"How is this, villain!" cried the alcalde in a furious voice. "You told me that the Moor who died in your house left nothing behind but an empty coffer,¹ and now I hear of your wife flaunting in her rags decked out with pearls and diamonds. Wretch that thou art! prepare to render up the spoils of thy miserable victim, and to swing on the gallows that is already tired of waiting for thee."

The terrified water-carrier fell on his knees, and made a full relation of the marvelous manner in which he had gained his wealth. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the inquisitive barber listened with greedy ears to this Arabian tale of enchanted treasure. The alguazil was despatched to bring the Moor who had assisted in the incantation. The Moslem entered half frightened out of his wits at finding himself in the hands of

¹ Chest or trunk.

the harpies¹ of the law. When he beheld the water-carrier standing with sheepish look and downcast countenance, he comprehended the whole matter.

"Miserable animal," said he, as he passed near him, "did I not warn thee against babbling to thy wife?"

The story of the Moor coincided exactly with that of his colleague; but the Alcalde affected to be slow of belief, and threw out menaces of imprisonment.

"Softly, good Señor Alcalde," said the Mussulman, who by this time had recovered his usual shrewdness and self-possession. "Let us not mar fortune's favors in the scramble for them. Nobody knows anything of this matter but ourselves; let us keep the secret. There is wealth enough in the cave to enrich us all. Promise a fair division, and all shall be produced; refuse, and the cave shall remain forever closed."

The alcalde consulted apart with the alguazil. The latter was an old fox in his profession.

"Promise anything," said he, "until you get possession of the treasure. You may then seize upon the whole, and if he and his accomplice dare to murmur, threaten them with the faggot and the stake."

The alcalde relished the advice. Smoothing his brow and turning to the Moor, he said:

"This is a strange story and may be true, but I must have proof of it. This very night you must repeat the incantation in my presence. If there be really such

¹ The Harpies were monsters having women's heads and birds' wings, claws, tails, and legs. They were usually evil creatures who carried off the souls of the dead.

treasure, we will share it and say nothing further of the matter ; if ye have deceived me, expect no mercy at my hands. In the mean time you must remain in custody."

The Moor and the water-carrier cheerfully agreed to these conditions, satisfied that the event would prove the truth of their words.

Towards midnight the alcalde sallied forth secretly, attended by the alguazil and the meddlesome barber, all strongly armed. They conducted the Moor and the water-carrier as prisoners, and were provided with the stout donkey of the latter, to bear off the expected treasure. They arrived at the tower without being observed, and tying the donkey to a fig tree, descended into the fourth vault of the tower.

The scroll was produced, the yellow waxen taper lighted, and the Moor read the form of incantation. The earth trembled as before, and the pavement opened with a thundering sound, disclosing the narrow flight of steps. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the barber were struck aghast, and could not summon courage to descend. The Moor and the water-carrier entered the lower vault and found the two Moors seated as before, silent and motionless. They removed two of the great jars, filled with golden coin and precious stones. The water-carrier bore them up one by one upon his shoulders, but though a strong-backed little man, and accustomed to carry burdens, he staggered beneath their weight, and found, when slung on each side of his donkey, they were as much as the animal could bear.

"Let us be content for the present," said the Moor. "Here is as much treasure as we can carry off without being perceived, and enough to make us all wealthy to our heart's desire."

"Is there more treasure remaining behind?" demanded the alcalde.

"The greatest prize of all," said the Moor: "a huge coffer, bound with bands of steel, and filled with pearls and precious stones."

"Let us have up the coffer by all means," cried the grasping alcalde.

"I will descend for no more," said the Moor, doggedly. "Enough is enough for a reasonable man."

"And I," said the water-carrier, "will bring up no further burden to break the back of my poor donkey."

Finding commands, threats, and entreaties equally vain, the alcalde turned to his two adherents.

"Aid me," said he, "to bring up the coffer, and its contents shall be divided between us." So saying he descended the steps, followed, with trembling reluctance, by the alguazil and the barber.

No sooner did the Moor behold them fairly earthed than he extinguished the yellow taper. The pavement closed with its usual crash, and the three worthies remained buried.

He then hastened up the different flights of steps, nor stopped until in the open air. The little water-carrier followed him as fast as his short legs would permit.

"What hast thou done?" cried Peregil, as soon as

he could recover breath. "The alcalde and the other two are shut up in the vault!"

"It is the will of Allah!" said the Moor, devoutly.

"And will you not release them?" demanded the Gallego.

"Allah forbid!" replied the Moor, smoothing his beard. "It is written in the book of fate that they shall remain enchanted until some future adventurer shall come to break the charm. The will of God be done!"

So saying he hurled the end of the waxen taper far among the gloomy thickets of the glen.

There was now no remedy, so the Moor and the water-carrier proceeded with the richly-laden donkey towards the city. Honest Peregil could not refrain from hugging and kissing his long-eared fellow-laborer, thus restored to him from the clutches of the law. In fact, it is doubtful which gave the simple-hearted little man most joy at the moment, the gaining of the treasure or the recovery of the donkey.

The two partners in good luck divided their spoil amicably and fairly, except that the Moor, who had a little taste for trinketry, made out to get into his heap the most of the pearls and precious stones, and other baubles, but then he always gave the water-carrier in lieu ¹ magnificent jewels of massy gold, four times the size, with which the latter was heartily content.

They took care not to linger within reach of accidents, but made off to enjoy their wealth undisturbed in other

¹ Instead.

countries. The Moor returned into Africa, to his native city of Tetuan,¹ and the Gallego, with his wife, his children and his donkey, made the best of his way to Portugal. Here, under the admonition and tuition of his wife, he became a personage of some consequence, for she made the little man array his long body and short legs in doublet and hose, with a feather in his hat and a sword by his side; and, laying aside the familiar appellation of Peregil, assume the more sonorous title of Don Pedro Gil. His progeny grew up a thriving and merry-hearted, though short and bandy-legged generation; while the Senora Gil, befringed, belaced, and betasseled from her head to her heels, with glittering rings on every finger, became a model of fashion and finery.

As to the alcalde and his adjuncts, they remained shut up under the great tower of the Seven Floors, and there they remain spellbound at the present day.

¹ A commercial town in the northern part of Morocco.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROSE OF THE ALHAMBRA

FOR some time after the surrender of Granada by the Moors,¹ that delightful city was a frequent and favorite residence of the Spanish sovereigns, until they were frightened away by successive shocks of earthquakes, which toppled down various houses and made the old Moslem towers rock to their foundation.

Many, many years then rolled away, during which Granada was rarely honored by a royal guest. The palaces of the nobility remained silent and shut up; and the Alhambra, like a slighted beauty, sat in mournful desolation among her neglected gardens. The Tower of the Infantas,² once the residence of the three beautiful Moorish princesses, partook of the general desolation. The Spider spun her web athwart the gilded vault, and bats and owls nestled in those chambers that had been graced by the presence of Zayda, Zorayda, and Zorahayda.³ The neglect of the tower may have been partly owing to some superstitious notions of the neighbors. It was rumored that the

¹ See Introduction, p. 16.

² See Introduction, p. 17.

³ The three princesses, daughters of Mohamed "the Left-handed." The story, *Legend of the Three Beautiful Princesses*, also comes from *The Alhambra*.

spirit of the youthful Zorahayda, who had perished in that tower, was often seen by moonlight seated beside the fountain in the hall, or moaning about the battlements, and that the notes of her silver lute would be heard at midnight by wayfarers passing along the glen.

At length the city of Granada was once more enlivened by the royal presence. All the world knows that Philip V was the first Bourbon¹ that swayed the Spanish scepter. All the world knows that he married, in second nuptials, Elizabetta or Isabella (for they are the same), the beautiful princess of Parma; and all the world knows that by this chain of circumstances a French prince and an Italian princess were seated together on the Spanish throne. For the reception of this illustrious pair the Alhambra was repaired and fitted up with all possible expedition.

The arrival of the court changed the whole aspect of the lately deserted place. The clangor of drum and trumpet, the tramp of steed about the avenues and outer court, the glitter of arms and display of banners about barbican² and battlement, recalled the ancient and warlike glories of the fortress. A softer spirit, however, reigned within the royal palace. There was the rustling of robes, and the cautious tread and murmuring voice of reverential courtiers about the

¹ King of Spain, 1700-1746. The schemes of Elizabeth of Parma, his second wife, for advancing the interest of her sons kept Spain in a tumult throughout the reign.

The name *Bourbon* was taken from the castle of Bourbon in the former province of Bourbonnais.

The outer defensive work of the castle.

antechambers, a loitering of pages and maids of honor about the gardens, and the sound of music stealing from open casements.

Among those who attended in the train of the monarchs was a favorite page of the queen, named Ruyz de Alarcon. He was just turned of eighteen, light and lithe of form, and graceful as a young Antinous.¹ To the queen, he was all deference and respect, yet he was at heart a roguish stripling, petted and spoiled by the ladies about the court.

This loitering page was one morning rambling about the groves of the Generaliffe,² which overlook the grounds of the Alhambra. He had taken with him for his amusement a favorite gyrfalcon³ of the queen. In the course of his rambles, seeing a bird rising from a thicket, he unhooded the hawk and let him fly. The falcon towered high in the air, made a swoop at his quarry, but missing it, soared away regardless of the calls of the page. The latter followed the truant bird with his eye, until he saw it alight upon the battlements of a remote and lonely tower, in the outer wall of the Alhambra, built on the edge of a ravine that separated the royal fortress from the grounds of the Generaliffe. It was, in fact, the "Tower of the Princesses."⁴

¹ A beautiful youth born in Bithynia, an ancient country of Asia Minor. He was the favorite of the Emperor Hadrian, who, after the youth was drowned in the Nile, enrolled him among the gods.

² The summer palace of the Moorish princes. Among the ruined splendors of Moslem power this building is next in interest to the Alhambra.

³ See Introduction, p. 18.

⁴ See Introduction, p. 17.

The page descended into the ravine and approached the tower, but it had no entrance from the glen, and its lofty height rendered any attempt to scale it fruitless. Seeking one of the gates of the fortress, therefore, he made a wide circuit to that side of the tower facing within the walls.

A small garden inclosed by a trellis-work of reeds overhung with myrtle lay before the tower. Opening a wicket, the page passed between beds of flowers and thickets of roses to the door. It was closed and bolted. A crevice in the door gave him a peep into the interior. There was a small Moorish hall with fretted walls, light marble columns, and an alabaster fountain surrounded with flowers. In the centre hung a gilt cage containing a singing bird. Beneath it, on a chair, lay a tortoise-shell cat among reels of silk; and a guitar, decorated with ribands,¹ leaned against the fountain.

Ruyz de Alarcon was struck with these traces of female taste and elegance in a lonely, and, as he had supposed, deserted tower. They reminded him of the tales of enchanted halls in the Alhambra; and the tortoise-shell cat might be some spellbound princess.

He knocked gently at the door. A beautiful face peeped out from a little window above, but was instantly withdrawn. He waited, expecting that the door would be opened; but he waited in vain. No footstep was to be heard within — all was silent. Had his senses deceived him, or was this beautiful apparition the fairy of the tower? He knocked again, and more

¹ Ribbons.

loudly. After a little while the beaming face once more peeped forth. It was that of a blooming damsel of fifteen.

The page immediately doffed his plumed bonnet, and entreated in the most courteous accents to be permitted to ascend the tower in pursuit of his falcon.

"I dare not open the door, Señor," replied the little damsel, blushing; "my aunt has forbidden it."

"I do beseech you, fair maid; it is the favorite falcon of the queen. I dare not return to the palace without it."

"Are you then one of the cavaliers of the court?"

"I am, fair maid; but I shall lose the queen's favor and my place if I lose this hawk."

"Santa Maria! It is against you cavaliers of the court that my aunt has charged me especially to bar the door."

"Against wicked cavaliers, doubtless; but I am none of those, only a simple, harmless page, who will be ruined and undone if you deny me this small request."

The heart of the little damsel was touched by the distress of the page. It was a thousand pities he should be ruined for the want of so trifling a boon. Surely, too, he could not be one of those dangerous beings whom her aunt had described as a species of cannibal. He was gentle and modest, and stood so entreatingly with cap in hand, and looked so charming!

The sly page redoubled his entreaties in such moving terms that it was not in the nature of mortal maiden

to deny him ; so the blushing little warder of the tower descended and opened the door with a trembling hand. The page was charmed by the portrait now revealed to him. Her Andalusian bodice¹ and trim basquiña set off the round but delicate symmetry of her form. Her glossy hair was parted on her forehead with scrupulous exactness, and decorated with a fresh plucked rose, according to the universal custom of the country. It is true, her complexion was tinged by the ardor of a southern sun, but it served to give richness to the bloom of her cheek, and to heighten the luster of her eyes.

Ruyz de Alarcon beheld all this with a single glance, for it became him not to tarry. He merely murmured his acknowledgments, and then bounded lightly up the spiral staircase in quest of his falcon.

He soon returned with the truant bird upon his fist. The damsel, in the meantime, had seated herself by the fountain in the hall and was winding silk ; but in her agitation she let fall the reel upon the pavement. The page sprang, picked it up, then dropping gracefully on one knee, presented it to her. Seizing the hand extended to receive it, he imprinted on it a kiss more fervent and devout than he had ever imprinted on the fair hand of his sovereign.

“Ave Maria, Señor !” exclaimed the damsel, blushing still deeper with confusion and surprise.

The modest page made a thousand apologies, assur-

¹ A close-fitting waist worn in Andalusia, an old division of southern Spain.

ing her it was the way at court of expressing the most profound homage and respect. She sat blushing, with her eyes cast down upon her work, entangling the silk which she attempted to wind.

Suddenly a shrill voice was heard at a distance.

"My aunt is returning from mass!" cried the damsel in affright. "I pray you, Señor, depart."

"Not until you grant me that rose from your hair as a remembrance."

She hastily untwisted the rose from her raven locks.

"Take it," cried she, "but pray begone."

The page took the rose, and at the same time kissed the fair hand that gave it. Then placing the flower in his bonnet,¹ and taking the falcon upon his fist, he bounded off through the garden, bearing away with him the heart of the gentle Jacinta.

When the vigilant aunt arrived at the tower, she remarked the agitation of her niece, and an air of confusion in the hall; but a word of explanation from Jacinta sufficed.

"A gyrfalcon had pursued his prey into the hall."

"Mercy on us!" said the aunt. "To think of a falcon flying into the tower. Did ever one hear of so saucy a hawk? Why, the very bird in the cage is not safe."

The vigilant Fredegonda was one of the most wary of ancient spinsters. The niece was the orphan of an officer who had fallen in the wars. She had been educated in a convent, and had recently been transferred

¹ Cap.

from her sacred asylum to the immediate guardianship of her aunt. Her fresh and dawning beauty had caught the public eye, even in her seclusion, and, with that poetical turn common to the people of Andalusia, the peasantry of the neighborhood had given her the appellation of "The Rose of the Alhambra."

The wary aunt continued to keep a faithful watch over her little niece as long as the court continued at Granada, and flattered herself that her vigilance had been successful. At length King Philip cut short his sojourn at Granada, and suddenly departed with all his train. The vigilant Fredegonda watched the royal pageant as it issued forth from the Gate of Justice¹ and descended the great avenue leading to the city. When the last banner disappeared from her sight, she returned exulting to her tower, for all her cares were over.

To her surprise, a light Arabian steed pawed the ground at the wicket gate of the garden. To her horror she saw through the thickets of roses a youth, in gayly embroidered dress, at the feet of her niece. At the sound of her footsteps he gave a tender adieu, bounded lightly over the barrier of reeds and myrtles, sprang upon his horse, and was out of sight in an instant.

The tender Jacinta in the agony of her grief lost all thought of her aunt's displeasure. Throwing herself into her arms, she broke forth into sobs and tears.

"Oh!" cried she, "he is gone! he is gone! and I shall never see him more!"

¹ See Introduction, p. 17.

"Gone! who is gone? what youth is this I saw at your feet?"

"A queen's page, aunt, who came to bid me farewell."

"A queen's page, child!" echoed the vigilant Fredogonda faintly, "and when did you become acquainted with a queen's page?"

"The morning that the gyrfalcon flew into the tower. It was the queen's gyrfalcon, and he came in pursuit of it."

"Ah, silly, silly girl! know that there are no gyrfalcons half so dangerous as these prankling pages, and it is precisely such simple birds as thee that they pounce upon."

Days, weeks, months elapsed, and nothing more was heard of the page. The pomegranate ripened, the vine yielded up its fruit, the autumn rains descended in torrents from the mountains; the Sierra Nevada¹ became covered with a snowy mantle, and wintry blasts howled through the halls of the Alhambra. Still he came not. The winter passed away. Again the genial spring burst forth with song and blossoms and balmy zephyr. The snows melted from the mountains, until none remained but on the lofty summit of the Nevada, glistening through the sultry summer air. Still nothing was heard of the forgetful page.

In the meantime the poor little Jacinta grew pale and thoughtful. Her former occupations and amusements were abandoned, her silk lay entangled, her

¹ The "Snowy Mountains," a range in southern Spain.

guitar unstrung, her flowers were neglected, the notes of her bird unheeded, and her eyes, once so bright, were dimmed with weeping.

"Alas, silly child!" would the staid Fredegonda say, when she found her niece in one of her desponding moods. "What couldst thou expect from one of a haughty and aspiring family, thou, an orphan, the descendant of a fallen line? Be assured, if the youth were true, his father, who is one of the proudest nobles about the court, would prohibit his union with one so humble and portionless as thou. Pluck up thy resolution, therefore, and drive these idle notions from thy mind."

The words of Fredegonda only served to increase the melancholy of her niece.

At a late hour one midsummer night, after her aunt had retired to rest, she remained alone in the hall of the tower, seated beside the alabaster fountain. The poor little damsel's heart was overladen with sad and tender recollections, her tears began to flow, and slowly fell drop by drop into the fountain. By degrees the crystal water became agitated, and bubble — bubble — bubble, boiled up and was tossed about until a female figure, richly clad in Moorish robes, slowly rose to view.

Jacinta was so frightened that she fled from the hall, and did not venture to return. The next morning, she related to her aunt what she had seen, but the good lady treated it as a fantasy of her troubled mind, or supposed she had fallen asleep and dreamt beside the fountain.

"Thou hast been thinking of the story of the three Moorish princesses that once inhabited the tower," said she, "and it has entered into thy dreams."

"What story, aunt? I know nothing of it."

"Thou hast certainly heard of the three princesses, Zayda, Zorayda, and Zorahayda, who were confined in this tower by the king, their father, and agreed to fly with three Christian cavaliers. The first two accomplished their escape, but the third failed in resolution and remained, and, it is said, died in this tower."

"I now recollect to have heard of it," said Jacinta, "and to have wept over the fate of the gentle Zorahayda."

"Thou mayst well weep over her fate," continued the aunt, "for the lover of Zorahayda was thy ancestor. He long bemoaned his Moorish love, but time cured him of his grief, and he married a Spanish lady, from whom thou art descended."

Jacinta pondered upon these words.

"That what I have seen is no fantasy of the brain," said she to herself, "I am confident. If indeed it be the spirit of the gentle Zorahayda, which I have heard lingers about this tower, of what should I be afraid? I'll watch by the fountain to-night — perhaps the visit will be repeated."

Towards midnight, when everything was quiet, she again took her seat in the hall. As the bell on the distant watch-tower of the Alhambra struck the midnight hour, the fountain was again agitated, and bubble — bubble — bubble, it tossed about the waters until

the Moorish female again rose to view. She was young and beautiful. Her dress was rich with jewels, and in her hand she held a silver lute. Jacinta trembled and was faint, but was reassured by the soft and plaintive voice of the apparition, and the sweet expression of her pale, melancholy countenance.

"Daughter of mortality," said she, "what aileth thee? Why do thy tears trouble my fountain, and thy sighs disturb the quiet watches of the night?"

"I weep because of the faithlessness of man, and I bemoan my solitary and forsaken state."

"Take comfort. Thy sorrows may yet have an end. Thou beholdest a Moorish princess, who, like thee, was unhappy in her love. A Christian knight, thy ancestor, won my heart, and would have borne me to his native land. But I lacked courage equal to my faith, and lingered till too late. For this, the evil genii are permitted to have power over me, and I remain enchanted in this tower, until some pure Christian will deign to break the magic spell. Wilt thou undertake the task?"

"I will!" replied the damsel, trembling.

"Come hither, then, and fear not. Dip thy hand in the fountain, sprinkle the water over me, and baptize me after the manner of thy faith. So shall the enchantment be dispelled, and my troubled spirit have repose."

The damsel advanced with faltering steps, dipped her hand in the fountain, collected water in the palm, and sprinkled it over the pale face of the phantom.

The latter smiled with benignity. She dropped her silver lute at the feet of Jacinta, crossed her white arms,

and melted from sight, so that it seemed merely as if a shower of dewdrops had fallen into the fountain.

Jacinta retired from the hall, filled with awe and wonder. She scarcely closed her eyes that night. But when she awoke at daybreak out of a troubled slumber, the whole appeared to her like a dream. On descending into the hall, however, the truth of the vision was established; for, beside the fountain she beheld the silver lute, glittering in the morning sunshine.

She hastened to her aunt, related all that had befallen her, and called her to behold the lute as a testimonial of the reality of her story. If the good lady had any lingering doubts, they were removed when Jacinta touched the instrument, for she drew forth such rapturous tones as to thaw even the frigid heart of Fredegonda. Nothing but supernatural melody could have produced such an effect.

The extraordinary power of the lute became every day more and more apparent. The wayfarer passing by the tower was detained, and, as it were, spellbound, in breathless ecstasy. The very birds gathered in the neighboring trees, and, hushing their own strains, listened in charmed silence. Rumor soon spread the news abroad. The inhabitants of Granada thronged to the Alhambra to catch a few notes of the transcendent music that floated about the tower of Las Infantas.

The lovely little minstrel was at length drawn forth from her retreat. The rich and powerful of the land

contended who should entertain and do honor to her. Wherever she went, her vigilant aunt kept a dragon watch at her elbow, awing the throngs of admirers who hung in raptures on her strains. The report of her wonderful powers spread from city to city. Malaga, Seville, Cordova, all became successively mad on the theme. Nothing was talked of throughout Andalusia but the beautiful minstrel of the Alhambra. How could it be otherwise among a people so musical and gallant as the Andalusians?

While all Andalusia was thus music mad, a different mood prevailed at the court of Spain. Philip V, as is well known, was subject to all kinds of fancies. Sometimes he would keep to his bed for weeks together, groaning under imaginary complaints. At other times he would insist upon abdicating his throne, to the great annoyance of his royal spouse, who had a strong relish for the splendors of a court and the glories of a crown and guided the scepter of her imbecile lord with an expert and steady hand.

Nothing was found to be so effective in dispelling the king's fits of melancholy as the powers of music; the queen took care, therefore, to have the best performers, both vocal and instrumental, at hand, and retained the famous Italian singer Farinelli¹ about the court as a kind of royal physician.

At the moment we treat of, however, a freak had come over the mind of this illustrious Bourbon, that surpassed all former moods. After a long spell of

¹ A Neapolitan male soprano of the eighteenth century.

imaginary illness, which set all the strains of Farinelli, and the consultations of a whole orchestra of court fiddlers, at defiance, the monarch fairly, in idea, gave up the ghost, and considered himself absolutely dead.

This would have been harmless enough, and even convenient both to his queen and courtiers, had he been content to remain in the quietude befitting a dead man. But to their annoyance, he insisted upon having the funeral ceremonies performed over him, and began to grow impatient and to revile bitterly at them for negligence and disrespect in leaving him unburied. What was to be done? To disobey the king's positive commands was monstrous in the eyes of the obsequious¹ courtiers, — but to obey him, and bury him alive, would be downright regicide!

In the midst of this fearful dilemma, a rumor reached the court of the female minstrel who was turning the brains of all Andalusia. The queen dispatched missives in all haste, to summon her to St. Ildefonso, where the court at that time resided.

Within a few days, as the queen with her maids of honor was walking in those stately gardens, intended, with their avenues, and terraces, and fountains, to eclipse the glories of Versailles,² the far-famed minstrel was conducted into her presence. The imperial Elizabetha gazed with surprise at the youthful and unpretending appearance of the little being that had set the

¹ Devoted, attentive.

² The famous palace and park of Louis XIV, whose magnificence under the Bourbons made this unequaled in fame among all the royal residences of the world.

world madding. She was in her picturesque Andalusian dress, her silver lute was in her hand, and she stood with modest and downcast eyes, but with a simplicity and freshness of beauty that still bespoke her "the Rose of the Alhambra."

As usual, she was accompanied by the ever-vigilant Fredegonda, who gave the whole history of her parentage and descent to the inquiring queen. If the stately Elizabetta had been interested by the appearance of Jacinta, she was still more pleased when she learnt that her father had bravely fallen in the service of the crown.

"If thy powers equal their renown," said she, "and thou canst cast forth this evil spirit that possesses thy sovereign, thy fortune shall henceforth be my care, and honors and wealth attend thee."

Impatient to make trial of her skill, the queen led the way at once to the apartment of the moody monarch.

Jacinta followed with downcast eyes through files of guards and crowds of courtiers. They arrived at length at a great chamber hung in black. The windows were closed to exclude the light of day. A number of yellow wax tapers in silver scones¹ diffused a mournful light, and dimly revealed the figures of mutes in mourning dresses, and courtiers, who glided about with noiseless step and woebegone visage. In the midst of a funeral bier, his hands folded on his breast, and the tip of his nose just visible, lay extended this would-be-buried monarch.

The queen entered the chamber in silence, and,

¹ Bracket candlesticks.

pointing to a footstool in an obscure corner, beckoned to Jacinta to sit down and commence.

At first she touched her lute with a faltering hand, but gathering confidence and animation as she proceeded, drew forth such soft, aerial harmony that all present could scarce believe it mortal. As to the monarch, who had already considered himself in the world of spirits, he set it down for some angelic melody or the music of the spheres.

By degrees the theme was varied, and the voice of the minstrel accompanied the instrument. She poured forth one of the legendary ballads treating of the ancient glories of the Alhambra and the achievements of the Moors. Her whole soul entered into the theme, for with the recollections of the Alhambra was associated the story of her love. The funereal chamber resounded with the animating strain. It entered into the gloomy heart of the monarch. He raised his head and gazed around. He sat up on his couch. His eye began to kindle; at length, leaping upon the floor, he called for sword and buckler.

The triumph of music, or rather of the enchanted lute, was complete. The demon of melancholy was cast forth, and, as it were, a dead man brought to life. The windows of the apartment were thrown open; the glorious splendor of Spanish sunshine burst into the late sorrowful chamber. All eyes sought the lovely enchantress, but the lute had fallen from her hand. She had sunk upon the earth, and the next moment was clasped to the heart of Ruyz de Alarcon.

The wedding of the happy couple was shortly after celebrated with great splendor.

"But hold," I hear the reader ask. "How did Ruyz de Alarcon account for his long neglect?"

Oh! that was all owing to the opposition of a proud old father. Besides, young people who really like one another soon come to an amicable understanding and bury all past grievances whenever they meet.

"But how was the proud old father reconciled to the match?"

Oh! his scruples were easily overruled by a word or two from the queen, especially as dignities and rewards were showered upon the blooming favorite of royalty. Besides, the lute of Jacinta, you know, possessed a magic power, and could control the most stubborn head and hardest heart.

And what became of the enchanted lute?

Oh, that is the most curious matter of all, and plainly proves the truth of all the story. That lute remained for some time in the family, but was purloined and carried off, as was supposed, by the great singer Fari-nelli, in pure jealousy. At his death it passed into other hands in Italy, who were ignorant of its mystic powers, and melting down the silver, transferred the strings to an old Cremona¹ fiddle. The strings still retain something of their magic virtues. A word in the reader's ear, but let it go no further, — that fiddle is now bewitching the whole world, — it is the fiddle of Paganini!²

¹ Cremona, Italy, is famous for its rare violins.

² A famous Italian violinist.

LESSON STUDIES

RIP VAN WINKLE

LESSON I

THE AUTHOR. WASHINGTON IRVING

1. When and where was Washington Irving born?
2. Give an account of his boyhood.
3. What do we know of his parentage?
4. Why did he not make good progress in school?
5. In what profession was he especially interested? At what age did he begin his work?
6. What was the general character of the books read by Irving? Account for this.
7. Give a brief sketch of Irving's life up to the time of his first voyage to Europe.
8. What caused Irving to make this trip to Europe?
9. Name some of the places he visited and the prominent people he met on this first voyage.
10. What was the purpose of his second voyage to Europe?
11. What is considered to be the turning point of his career? Why?
12. Name some of his noted writings.
13. After his return to America where did he make his home?
14. Give an account of his later life in Tarrytown.
15. What important services did Irving render America?
16. Give the place and date of his death.

LESSON II

In order that the pupils may gain a general knowledge of the story read the entire story before a study of it is undertaken.

LESSON III

1. What descriptions does the author give us as an introduction to the story?
2. What impression of the Catskill Mountains do you receive from Irving's description of them?
3. Describe each of the following:
 - a. Kaatskill Mountains.
 - b. The village.
 - c. Rip Van Winkle.
4. What relations existed between Rip and the people of the village?
5. At what point does the plot of the story begin?

LESSON IV

1. Describe Rip's home and his family.
2. Tell the story of Rip's journey up the mountain, describing the scenes he saw from its summit.
3. What was the first strange thing that Rip experienced?
4. Describe the game of ninepins, giving as vivid a description as possible of the players.
5. Where was Rip when he fell asleep? What caused this sleep?
6. Where did Rip find himself when he awoke? What were his first thoughts upon awakening?

LESSON V

1. Describe Rip as he looked when he returned to the village.
2. Describe his journey down the mountain.
3. What changes had taken place in the village since Rip's departure?
4. What was the people's attitude toward Rip when he returned?
5. By what means did he try to make himself known?
6. Describe Rip's home as he found it. What effect did its condition have upon Rip?

LESSON VI

1. Tell the story of Rip's visit at the "Village Inn," describing what he saw there.
2. What did Rip learn concerning his neighbors?
3. Describe Rip's meeting with his daughter.
4. Tell Rip's story as you imagine he might have told it to her. (First person.)
5. How did the people of the village regard this story?
6. What was the belief of the Old Dutch villagers concerning the return of Henry Hudson and his men?
7. What do you think was Irving's purpose in writing the story of Rip Van Winkle?

LESSONS VII, VIII AND IX

These lessons may well be devoted to composition work.

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITION

1. A Kaatskill Village.
2. The Game of Ninepins.
3. Rip Van Winkle.
4. Nicholas Vedder.
5. Rip's Return to the Village.
6. Imagine the change which might occur in your city or town after a period of twenty years. You might make it a story, pretending you fell asleep and awoke twenty years later.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

LESSONS I, II, AND III

INTRODUCTION TO THE STORY

1. Locate: (a) Tarrytown; (b) Tappan Zee; (c) Sleepy Hollow; (d) Old Dutch Church; (e) Sunnyside.
NOTE: Refer to map for location of these places, also to the notes given in the Introduction.
2. To acquaint pupils with the plot, read the entire story before a study of it is undertaken.

LESSON IV

1. What places and persons has the author described as an introduction to the story?
2. What impression does the author give you of Sleepy Hollow?
3. Who was Ichabod Crane? Describe him. (Have a definite point of view for your description.)
5. Describe the schoolhouse as to location and general appearance.
6. Give an account of Ichabod Crane's life as a schoolmaster.
7. What were the sources of many of Ichabod's pleasures?"

LESSON V

1. Describe Katrina Van Tassel.
2. What was Ichabod's attitude toward her?
3. Describe her home as Ichabod saw it.
4. Who was "Brom Bones"? Why was he known by this name?
5. What was the attitude of the townspeople toward "Brom Bones"? Account for this.
6. What was the relation between "Brom Bones" and Ichabod? Why?
7. What was the result of this relationship?

LESSON VI

1. What preparations were made by Ichabod for attending the "quilting frolic" at Katrina's home?
 2. Give an account of the party at the Van Tassel home.
 3. When the guests departed why did Ichabod linger behind?
 4. In what mood was he when he left? Why?
 5. Describe Ichabod's homeward journey from the party.
 6. In your opinion who was the "Headless Horseman"? Give reasons for your answer.
 7. What do you think became of Ichabod Crane? Prove your statements.
- NOTE: This last subject affords good material for work in argumentation.

LESSONS VII, VIII, AND IX

These lessons may well be devoted to composition work. The following are topics that may be used for oral or written work :

- I. Description.
 - A. The characters :
 - 1. Ichabod Crane.
 - 2. Katrina Van Tassel.
 - 3. Brom Bones.
 - B. The Schoolhouse of Sleepy Hollow.
 - C. The Van Tassel Home.
- II. Narration.
 - A. The "Quilting Frolic."
 - B. Ichabod's Homeward Journey from the Party.
- III. Argumentation.
 - A. The Disappearance of Ichabod.
 - B. The "Headless Horseman."

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM

LESSON I

In order that the pupils may gain a general knowledge of the story read the entire story before a study of it is undertaken.

LESSON II

- 1. In what book does this story appear?
- 2. What is said in the Introduction about the origin of the story?
- 3. Locate the Rhine River and the Main River, in Germany.
- 4. What city is located at their "confluence"?
- 5. Locate Wurtzburg.
- 6. In a picture of an olden time castle, find the moat; the drawbridge; the barbican; the keep. A large dictionary will show this.
- 7. What is a ballad? Find, if you can, the names of some famous ones.

LESSON III

1. What impression do you get of the Baron in the first of the story?
2. What is meant by his being "a dry branch" of the Katzenellenbogen family?
3. Why did he persist in living in the castle?
4. How did he treat his daughter?
5. What sort of stories was he fond of telling?
6. How did his poor relatives treat him?
7. How did he regard himself?
8. What is your impression of the daughter?
9. What is meant by her being "a prodigy"?
10. How do you imagine she looked?
11. What sort of education did she have?
12. How would this compare with the education of an American girl to-day?
13. How was her memory trained?
14. What were her accomplishments?
15. How was she cared for by her aunts?
16. What were her aunts like?

LESSON IV

1. How did the custom of arranging a marriage differ from that in our country to-day?
2. Describe the preparations for the wedding.
3. What false alarms were there about the Count's approach?
4. Tell the story of what actually had happened to the Count.
5. What were his dying instructions to his friend?
6. What were Starkenfaust's feelings about carrying out his mission?
7. What signs of anxiety were shown at the castle?
8. Describe the approach of the stranger.
9. Describe the stranger himself.

LESSON V

1. What prevented the stranger from explaining who he was?
2. How were the Baron, the daughter, and the aunts impressed by him?

3. How did he act at the banquet?
4. How did the Baron's joke affect him?
5. What sort of stories did the Baron tell?
6. What sudden announcement did the stranger make?
7. What effect did his departure make on the different guests?

LESSON VI

1. What news came to the castle on the next day?
2. What effect did this have on the Baron and the other members of his family?
3. What strange vision did the bride have?
4. What plans did she and her aunt make for sleeping in the castle?
5. Tell about the disappearance of the bride.
6. How did she later surprise her father?
7. How was the mystery cleared up?
8. How did the aunts and relatives regard this turn of affairs?

LESSONS VII-VIII

These lessons are for oral or written composition.

I. Description.

A. The characters:

1. The Baron.
2. The Aunts.
3. Count von Starkenfaust.

B. A German Castle.

C. The Daughter's Education and Training.

II. Narration.

A. Count von Altenburg's Adventure in the Forest.

B. Von Starkenfaust at the Castle.

C. The Disappearance and Reappearance of the Bride.

THE ADVENTURE OF MY AUNT

LESSON I

In order that the pupils may gain a general knowledge of the story read the entire story before a study of it is undertaken.

LESSON II

1. In what book does this story appear?
2. What is said in the Introduction about the circumstances under which the story was told?
3. Locate Derbyshire; Botany Bay.
4. Explain how a sundial works.
5. Find out what a blunderbuss is like.
6. Who were the Tarquins?

LESSON III

1. Compare the uncle and aunt.
2. How does Irving humorously describe the uncle's death?
3. How did the aunt show her grief?
4. In what different ways does Irving show the weird, haunted nature of her new home?
5. Describe her preparations for the night.
6. Tell about the coming to life of the portrait.
7. How did the members of the household arm themselves?
8. Tell about the tearing down of the picture and the strange discovery.
9. What was the fate of the culprit?

LESSONS IV-V

These lessons are for oral or written composition.

I. Description.

- A. The Aunt.
- B. The Haunted House.
- C. Some Haunted House you may Have Seen or Imagined.

II. Narration.

- A. The Aunt's Adventure.
- B. An Original Story of a Haunted House.
- C. An Original Ghost Story.

LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY

LESSONS I-II

In order that the pupils may gain a general knowledge of the story read the entire story before a study of it is undertaken.

LESSON III

1. In what book does this story appear?
2. What does the Introduction say as to the occasion for the writing of this book?
3. Locate Granada and Tangiers.
4. Tell something about the Moors in Spain and the conquest of Granada. The Introduction and your encyclopedia will assist you.
5. When was the Alhambra built?
6. What was there within the early stronghold?
7. How were the walls decorated?
8. How did the Gate of Justice get its name?
9. What strange story is connected with the porch of the gate?
10. How did the Square of the Cisterns get its name?
11. Tell about King Chico's request as he passed through the gate of the Tower of the Seven Floors.

LESSON IV

1. Describe Peregil, the water-carrier.
2. With what words did he greet customers?
3. What was his manner toward them?
4. What was his home life like?
5. Describe his wife.
6. How did she spend her time?
7. Compare his home life and his regard for his family with that of Rip Van Winkle.
8. How were their holidays spent?

LESSON V

1. Tell about Peregil's meeting with the stranger.
2. How did he treat the Moor's request for help and shelter?

3. How did the children act when they saw the stranger?
4. How did his wife feel about sheltering the stranger?
5. How was Peregil rewarded for his kindness?
6. How did he and his wife feel when the Moor died?
7. What did he plan to do with the body of the Moor?
8. What is your impression of the barber?
9. How did Peregil act when he noticed the unusual stir at his neighbor's?
10. Relate the conversation between the barber and the alcalde.
11. What is an alcalde?
12. What kind of man was this particular one?
13. Tell about the conversation between the alcalde and Peregil.
14. Describe the sandalwood box and its contents.
15. What did Peregil lose as a result of his interview with the alcalde? Why?
16. What was his feeling about this loss?

LESSON VI

1. How did Peregil's wife taunt him about the sandalwood box?
2. Tell what happened one night during one of her angry spells.
3. What was told the water-carrier about the scroll? How did Peregil regard this information?
4. What stories were told by the gossips?
5. What effect did these stories have on Peregil's interest in the scroll?
6. What plan for securing the treasure did the Moor suggest?
7. Tell about the journey through the Tower of the Seven Floors.
8. What happened when the charm was used?
9. What was found in the last vault?
10. Tell about the return from this vault.
11. How were the talismans shared?
12. What was the Moor's advice regarding the secret?

LESSON VII

1. Tell about the reception Peregil received from his wife, when he returned.
2. How well did she keep the secret?
3. What did she spend the time at home doing?
4. What finally caused the discovery of the water-carrier's wealth?
5. What plan did the alguazil make for securing the treasure?
6. Tell the story of the next visit to the treasure vault.
7. How did the Moor deceive and imprison the other three?
8. When did he say they would be released?
9. How did the Moor and Peregil share the treasures?
10. What was the later history of the Moors and of Peregil?

LESSON VIII-IX

These lessons are for oral or written composition.

I. Description.

A. The Characters:

1. Peregil, the water-carrier.
2. His Wife.
3. The Stranger at the well.
4. The Barber.
5. The Alcalde.

B. The Alhambra:

1. Decorations on the walls.
2. The Square of the Cisterns.
3. The Tower of the Seven Floors.

C. Peregil compared to Rip Van Winkle.

II. Narration.

- A. Peregil and his Children on an Outing.
- B. The Barber's Story of the Eventful Night at Peregil's.
- C. The Search for Treasure by the Moor and Peregil.
- D. The Adventures of the Three Treasure Seekers.
- E. An Original Story of Treasure Hunting.

III. Explanation.

- A. How this Story Resembles the Story of Aladdin.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROSE OF THE ALHAMBRA

LESSONS I-II

In order that the pupils may gain a general knowledge of the story read the entire story before a study of it is undertaken.

LESSON III

1. Review the story of the surrender of Granada, as told in the Introduction.
2. Can you tell why Granada is subject to earthquakes?
3. What interesting story is connected with the Tower of the Infantas?
4. Explain the parts of the castle mentioned in the fourth paragraph.
5. Tell something about falconry and explain the words *gyrfalcon* and *quarry*.
6. What was the Generaliffe?
7. Review the story connected with the Gate of Justice.
8. Locate Granada; the Sierra Nevada Mountains; Versailles; Cremona.

LESSON IV

1. What two changes in Granada are described at the opening of the story?
2. How were Spain and Italy united in the rule of Spain?
3. What position did Ruyz de Alarcon occupy?
4. Describe him.
5. What happened to his gyrfalcon?
6. What did the page see as he peeped through the fortress door?
7. Tell about his meeting with the princess.
8. Why was she cautious about admitting him?
9. Describe her.
10. What favor did she give him?
11. What explanation did she make to her aunt?
12. What do we learn of the princess's earlier history?
13. By what title had she come to be known?

LESSON V

1. What did the aunt see as she returned from watching the king's departure?
2. Describe Jacinta's behavior after the page's departure.
3. How did her aunt try to console her?
4. What did Jacinta see in the fountain one night?
5. Tell the story of the three princesses which her aunt related to her.
6. Tell what happened at the fountain on the following night.
7. What is a lute? What unusual powers did Jacinta's lute have?
8. Show how she was received as she traveled abroad.
9. What strange fancies did King Philip have?
10. What did the queen do to calm him?
11. What did she promise Jacinta?
12. Tell about Jacinta's playing before the king.
13. What was the effect of her music?
14. What surprising thing happened?
15. Why had Ruyz de Alarcon neglected her so long?
16. What became of the enchanted lute?

LESSONS VI-VII

These lessons are intended for oral or written composition.

- I. Description.
 - A. The Characters:
 1. The Rose of the Alhambra.
 2. Aunt Fredegonda.
 3. Ruyz de Alarcon.
 - B. The Alhambra.
 1. The Gate of Justice.
 2. The Tower of the Infantas.
 - C. Falconry.
- II. Narration.
 - A. The Meeting of the Page and "The Rose of the Alhambra."
 - B. Jacinta's Visions.
 - C. How Jacinta Used Her Enchanted Lute.

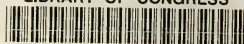








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